

THE BOURBON NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY IN THE YEAR

VOLUME XXXI.

PARIS, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1912

SIMON

Dep't Store,

White Sale and
Clearance Sale

Begins Jan. 13,
Ends Jan. 27.

SIMON DEPARTMENT STORE
Paris, Kentucky

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

First we promise to give our customers honest and courteous treatment, and the same goods for less money. We promise to do a straight cash business during the year 1912, and all who trade with us will sure get their money's worth. You will get no duns from us. You won't have to pay the other fellow's debts and you can be free and trade where you please. What does 30 days credit amount to? Not a thing, only higher prices for your goods. Money is just as hard to raise in 30 days after date, as to pay as you go. Don't take our word, but try for yourself.

15 lbs. Granulated Sugar\$1.00
Damask Rose Corn, 2 cans15c
Baby Bunton Corn, 3 cans25c
Sweet Potatoes, 2 cans25c
Crack Homney, per lb2 1-2c
Flake Homney, per lb4c
Full qt. Karo Syrup10c
Good Rice, per lb5c
Prunes, per lb10c
Medium Size Mackerel5c
Large Size Mackerel, 3 for25c
Lenox Soap, 8 bars25c
Argo Starch, 3 boxes10c
5 gal. the best Oil45c

USE BLUE RIBBON FLOUR

The Best in the World

Blue Ribbon Flour, 25 lb. Sack70
Blue Ribbon Flour, 50 lb. Sack 1.40
Blue Ribbon Flour, 100 lb. Sack 2.75

T. C. LENIHAN, Prop.

Both Phones 234

Watch this Space Next Week,

PRICE & CO.

WE desire to express our good wishes for
1912 to our many patrons.

PRICE & CO. Clothiers

Blue Grass Loses in Two Cases.

President Herrman, of the Cincinnati Club Tuesday turned down the request of President William Neal, of the Blue Grass League, who wished to install a club of his league in the city of Covington, the second largest city in Kentucky. President Neal promised in making his request to arrange the schedule of his league so as not to conflict with that of the National League, but Herrman was obdurate.

The National Base Ball Commission ended its sessions at Cincinnati Tuesday. Minor league magnates attended in large numbers.

The drafting season which heretofore has opened on September 1, will in the future open on September 15.

The season for purchased players will close August 2, as formerly. The first five days of the drafting season from September 15 to September 20, will be given over to the major leagues exclusively. Two days will then be allowed to elapse, and the class A. A. league clubs will have a ten days drafting season. Then the leagues of lower classification will have their season in the order of their classification.

One of the principal changes in the agreement was the price to be paid by the major league clubs for minor league players who are drafted. It follows:

To class A. A., \$2,500 instead of \$1,000; class A., \$1,500 instead of \$1,000; class B., \$1,200 instead of \$750; class C., \$750 instead of \$500; class D., \$500 instead of \$300.

Class A. A. league clubs are permitted to draft from any league of a lower classification including the class A., provided that the latter class clubs has not lost a player by draft to the major league clubs.

From May 15 to August 20, major league clubs are restricted to twenty-five players while the restriction in the minor leagues are: Class A. A., twenty; class A., eighteen; class B., sixteen; Class C., fourteen. No provision was made for class D.

At a meeting of the American Association Base Ball owners held in Chicago Saturday Thomas M. Chivington was elected president for a term of five years. The application of the Blue Grass League to place a club in Louisville was denied.

President Wm. Neal will call a meeting of the Blue Grass League directors this week to fix a schedule. The failure to get into Louisville makes it almost certain that the league will remain a six club league this season. The schedule will comprise a season of 120 games.

MATRIMONIAL.

—Miss Bessie Lord and Mr. Wallace S. Douglas, of this city, surprised their friends by being quietly married Saturday evening at half past seven.

The young people did not make their plans known, but invited the groom's sister, Miss Marguerite Douglas, and his cousin and guest, Mr. Mason Jacoby, of Hutchison, to go for a walk, and not until they had started did they speak of their intention to get married. The party went to the manse on Duncan avenue where the ceremony was performed by Dr. B. M. Shive.

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. M. E. Lord, traveling auditor for the L. & N. Railroad Company, with headquarters at Paris. She came to Paris from Louisville about three years ago, and boarded at Bourbon College and afterward with Mrs. Camelia Wilson on High street, and is a very attractive young woman. The groom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas and is a very popular young man.

For the present Mr. and Mrs. Douglas are at the home of his parents on Main street.

Fall From Wagon Has Fatal Results.

As a result of injuries sustained by a fall from a wagon of fodder which he was driving John Kenney, aged about 45 years, died almost instantly yesterday afternoon near Little Rock, this county.

The accident occurred about one o'clock yesterday afternoon when Kenney in company with his brother, Jas. C. Kenney, were hauling fodder with which to feed some cattle. The wagon was heavily loaded with four or five shocks of fodder and in passing through a gate his brother left the wagon to close the outlet. In looking up he noticed the horses without a driver and observed his brother lying on the ground.

Rushing to his side he found him in an unconscious condition and made an effort to ascertain the extent of his injuries and to restore consciousness. However the injured man lived but about five minutes.

The road through the pasture at the point where the accident occurred is said to be very rough and this condition is attributed as the cause of Kenney losing his balance and falling from the wagon, striking on his head, the force of the fall producing a concussion of the brain, death resulting almost instantly.

Dr. B. F. McClure of Little Rock, was called but when he reached the Kenney home which is about six miles from that place, on the Sharpsburg pike, life had been extinct for some time. Coroner Rudolph Davis, of this city, was notified and conducted an investigation resulting in the decision that death was due to an accidental fall from the wagon.

Mr. Kenney was unmarried and resided with his brother on the farm of Mr. J. C. Utterback. They have been residents of the community for about two years, and both were highly regarded. They have relatives residing in Lincoln and Bath counties. The remains of Mr. Kenney will be taken to Sharpsburg for burial.

"WE KNOW HOW"

You Consider Style Correct Fashion!

One of the most important things to consider is clothes; but you don't think it ought to take the place of good quality, neither do we.

Here you get the best of both; we seek out the best fashions from all sources, and suggest a lot of smart styles for our special trade.

We will show you some new ideas in Suits and Overcoats you won't see anywhere else.

Mitchell & Blakemore,

Outfitters to Men

Paris, Kentucky

FRANK & CO.

The Store Where Reliability Reigns.

Big Clearance Sale

And

Special Sale of

White Goods and Muslin Underwear

Begins Saturday, January 13, 1912,

Ends Saturday, January 20, 1912.

Bigger and Better Bargains Than Ever.

Don't Miss This Sale.

Frank & Co.

Paris, - - Kentucky

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.



will not be yours unless you have a parlor stove as artistic as it is serviceable. Have a look at the stoves in this hardware store. They are bright and attractive and really better heat makers than the ugliest old stove you ever saw. Pretentious costs nothing either. Plain stoves cannot be bought cheaper.

LOWRY & TALBOTT

Paris, Kentucky

Bourbon Laundry

DAVIS & FUNK, Props.

Telephone No. 4.

Office Opp. Postoffice.



A Particular Service For Particular People.

They are pleased with our laundry work—the rest of course. Systematic, thorough painstaking work enables us to get your laundry out the day we promise it, and its quality is guaranteed. Give us a trial order. You'll not regret it.

Bourbon Laundry,

Paris, Kentucky.

O. H. CHENAULT, Pres. Z. T. SELLERS Vice-Pres.
R. L. BAKER, Sect. and Treas.
B. F. BUCKLEY and D. W. OSOTT, Managers.

The Central Kentucky Tobacco Warehouse Company

(Incorporated)

Warehouse and Redryer

No. 574-595 South Upper Street 415-435 South Slinestone Street
Both phones 965

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

We Are Now Open and Ready For Business.

The Leading Warehouse of Lexington Past Season.
The Largest Loose Leaf House in the State.

Sales capacity of five hundred thousand pounds daily. Room on driveways for one hundred and fifty loaded wagons. Stalls for three hundred horses. Our sales the past season amounted to four million pounds. With our large and well equipped warehouse; the experience and success of the past two years enables us to guarantee our customers the best prices and the best treatment. Come and see us and look over our house before selling your tobacco. We have calculators to figure the sales behind the auctioneers on the floor. As fast as the crop is sold the farmer gets his cash. Try us once and you will come back again.

STOCKHOLDERS AND DIRECTORS

I. P. Barnard, Louisville, Ky. O. H. Chenaunt, Lexington, Ky.
J. C. Stone, Louisville, Ky. R. L. Baker, Lexington, Ky.
W. P. Barnard, Louisville, Ky. Dan W. Scott, Lexington, Ky.
B. C. Crawford, Louisville, Ky. Z. T. Sellers, Versailles, Ky.
J. C. Bright, Louisville, Ky. J. G. Roberts, Auctioneer.

Roy McCray, of Bourbon, is with the Central House, and will be pleased to have his friends bring their tobacco to him and to come to the house to see him at all times, as he will be there to look after their interest.

WM. COLLIN'S SALE Bronze Turkeys For Sale.

—OF—

Poland China Boars and Sows

—AT—

Carlisle, Ky., Jan. 11, 1912,

At H. N. Rankin's Sale and Exchange Stable.

See catalogue and bills for particulars.
At same time and place will sell 23 head Shropshire Down ewes, bred to imported ram.

FOR SALE.

Three Buff Orpington roosters for sale. Will sell for \$2 each.
JOE MITCHELL.

LADY WANTED.

To introduce our very complete line of beautiful wool suitings, wash fabrics, fancy waistings, silks, etc., handkerchiefs, laces and petticoats. All up to date N. Y. City patterns. Finest line on the market. Dealing direct with the mills you will find our prices low. Profits \$10.00 to \$30.00 weekly. Samples and full instructions packed in a neat sample case shipped express prepaid. No money required. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars. Be first to apply.
STANDARD DRESS GOODS CO.,
Desk 605. Binghamton, N. Y.

Go to Buck's.

For a nice bath, hair cut or shave, go to Buck's barber shop. Three first-class barbers.

THE BOURBON NEWS

BOTH 'PHONES, 124. NO. 320 MAIN STREET.

SWIFT CHAMP. - - EDITOR AND OWNER

(Entered at the Paris, Kentucky, Postoffice as Second-class Mail Matter.)

Established in 1881—30 Years of Continuous Publication

Display advertisements, \$1.00 per inch for first time; 50 cents per inch each subsequent insertion; reading notices, 10 cents per line each issue; reading notices in black type, 20 cents per line each issue; cards of thanks, calls on candidates and similar matter, 10 cents per line.
Special rates for big advertisements.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

ONE YEAR, \$5.00 SIX MONTHS \$1.00
.....PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.....

A Stinger in this One.

The Reciprocity act passed last summer provided for the removal, in part, of the duty on paper imported from Canada. This provision did not require Canada's endorsement. Since then more than eighty independent paper companies have started business in opposition to the paper trust.

Notwithstanding the Reciprocity act, with the single exception of the paper provision, became dead and defunct when Canada declined to accept it, Senator Heyburn has introduced a bill for the repeal of the whole act. Were this bill to pass unamended it not only would uselessly repeal an inoperative act, but would put the duty back on paper. There is a stinger in the Heyburn repealer that will bear watching.

"World Wide" Causes.

Already during this session of Congress many of the orators among the Standpat Republicans have tried to explain the prevailing high prices with the argument that the high price wave is world wide. This is another of the half truths which the Republicans seek to have the people accept as a whole excuse.

Mr. R. H. Hooker, of London read a paper before the Royal Statistical Society of England recently, in which he showed that the increased cost of "all commodities" was twice as much in high-protection Germany and high-protection United States as in free trade England.

"Comparing food prices for this year with 1899," said Mr. Hooker, "we find there has been an increase of one per cent in France, eight per cent in England, twenty-five per cent in Germany, twenty-eight per cent in Canada, and thirty-four per cent in the United States."

Why is it that "world wide causes" result in an increase of one and eight per cent in France and England and thirty-four per cent in this country.

An Accomplished Reform.

Fourteen million dollars in postal savings banks in the United States, after but one year of operation. This is one of the novelties of financial reports of the New Year. This record makes the practical success of an experiment about which there was never the slightest doubt. There are now 5,185 postoffices with postal banks. When the system is fully developed and popularized annual deposits of \$200,000 are anticipated. Now for a limited parcels post.

Why They Want the Extension.

The Lexington Herald in reviewing the message of Gov. McCreary to the General Assembly, says in regard to his request to the law makers to adopt the local option measure as expressed in the Democratic platform:

"The plank adopted at Louisville did not represent our views, does not express our convictions as to what is best for the State. We are clear in our own mind that it would be best for the cause of temperance to have the present law extended so as not to include cities of higher than the third class at most. We believe that such an extension of that law would not only promote the cause of temperance, but would not lead to the danger of such violations of the law as are certain to come in case the extension of local option is more rapid than public opinion demands."

It is very plain that in the fight for temperance the Herald would have her neighboring towns of a lower class sacrifice, but Lexington would not come under the number of towns to be affected by an extension of the county unit law. It is characteristic of the course Lexington and her people have always pursued, and that is the greed for gain at the expense of the other fellow. A local option extension along the lines suggested by the Herald would mean that the sale of liquor in towns in the class of Paris would be abolished, while "the hub" would thrive off the "fat of the land" and kill a darned sight more people with their "made in Lexington goods."

FOR AGED PEOPLE.

Old Folks Should be Careful in Their Selection of Regulative Medicine.

We have a safe, dependable, and altogether ideal remedy that is particularly adapted to the requirements of aged people and persons of weak constitutions who suffer from constipation or other bowel disorders. We are so certain that it will relieve these complaints and give satisfaction in every particular that we offer it with our personal guarantee that it shall cost the user nothing if it fails to substantiate our claims. This remedy is called Rexall Orderlies.

Rexall Orderlies are eaten just like candy, are particularly prompt and agreeable in action, may be taken at any time, day or night, do not cause diarrhoea, nausea, griping, excessive looseness, or other undesirable effects. They have a very mild but positive action upon the organs with which they come in contact, apparently acting as a regulative tonic upon the relaxed muscular coat of the bowel, thus overcoming weakness, and aiding to restore the bowels to more vigorous and healthy activity. Three sizes, 10c, 25c, and 50c. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store. G. S. Varden & Son.

THEATRICAL.

CONCERT AT LEXINGTON.

The Tristate Concert Trio, composed of Florence Hardeman, Kentucky's famous violinist, Cecilia Hoffman, the well known Ohio soprano, and Albert Victor Young, a sterling young pianist of Tennessee, will appear at the Lexington Opera House on the evening of January 12. Miss Hardeman recently made a tour of this country and Canada as soloist with Sousa's Band, with wonderful success, while Miss Hoffman created the role of Jacinta in "Pauletta" at the Ohio Valley Exposition, and was also the soloist with the Cincinnati Summer Symphony Orchestra at the Cincinnati Zoo last summer. She has also appeared in opera in the roles of "Lakme," "Margarite" and "Josephine" in Pinafore as also in less known operas. Mr. Young last season appeared as piano soloist with the Russian Symphony Orchestra under Modest Altschuler and besides being a fine pianist is a composer who will bear watching. The combination of these three in a program promises a delightful evening and the people of Lexington and vicinity, will be given a rare treat on next Friday evening. Mail orders will be held until the evening of the concert. Prices will be 75c to 25c in order to enable students to attend. The concert will be over before ten o'clock which will give the patrons from neighboring cities an opportunity to return home before midnight.

Parson's Poem a Gem.

From Rev. H. Stabenvoll, Allison, Ia., in praise of Dr. King's New Life Pills:
"They're such a health necessity. In every home these pills should be. If other kinds you've tried in vain, USE DR. KING'S And be well again.
Only 25c at Oberdorfer's."

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the best and quickest way to perfect health. Women and girls who suffer are simply weak—weak all over.

Opiates and alcoholic mixtures are worse than worthless, they aggravate the trouble and lower the standard of health.

Scott's Emulsion

strengthens the whole body, invigorates and builds up.

Be sure to get SCOTT'S—it's the Standard and always the best.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Woman's Power

Over Man



Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for and cured many thousands of women. He has devised a successful remedy for woman's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for the weaknesses and disorders peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it. No honest dealer will advise you to accept a substitute in order to make a little larger profit.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

GEO. W. DAVIS

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LICENSED EMBALMER.

BOTH 'PHONES—DAY 137; NIGHT 299.

The Best is none too good for you.



and make the Women happy.

Dodson & Denton

PARIS, KY.

East Tenn. Telephone Co.

INCORPORATED

For reliable telephone service, both local and LONG DISTANCE, use the East Tennessee. Bourbon County Exchanges at

Paris, Millersburg, North Middletown, Little Rock and

Ruddles Mills.

"When you have East Tennessee service you HAVE telephone service."

The East Tennessee Telephone Co

INCORPORATED

That Cold Room



on the side of the house where winter blasts strike hardest always has a lower temperature than the rest of the house. There are times when it is necessary to raise the temperature quickly or to keep the temperature up for a long period. That can't be done by the regular method of heating without great trouble and overheating the rest of the house. The only reliable method of heating such a room alone by other means is to use a

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

which can be kept at full or low heat for a short or long time. Four quarts of oil will give a glowing heat for nine hours, without smoke or smell.

An indicator always shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not screw on; but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached by a chain and cannot get lost.

An automatic-locking flame spreader prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back so that it can be cleaned in an instant.

The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, and can be unscrewed in an instant for reworking. Finished in Japan or nickel, strong, durable, well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental. Has a cool handle.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

FOR SALE.

One wood square piano (Knabe) and two good second hand organs, can be bought cheap and on easy payments.
MOERHEAD PIANO CO.,
606 Main street.

Bloodine Cures Rheumatism
E. A. Cross, 316 Glasgow Street, Portsmouth, Va. Says: "My Wife Has used Bloodine for Rheumatism with the most gratifying results, after many other remedies have failed to do her any good, she finds it gives her strength and a good appetite. I have used it myself and find it has done me a lot of good."

W. T. Brooks, Agent.

Tobacco Growers, Attention!

More money, more pounds and Highest Average Price of any house in Lexington for the entire week; having sold 814,200 lbs. for \$84,743.67; average price per pound \$10.60 3-4. Will sell again Monday and Tuesday and again Thursday and Friday. We put 500,000 pounds on the floor at one sale and can put 150 loaded wagons on the drive-ways. You don't have to stand your wagon on the streets at this house. Bring on your tobacco. We will unload you and send your wagons home and then get you the highest price for your tobacco. Call either phone 964.

Following are some of our prices for the week ending January 6, 1912.

Garrett Watts, Lexington, Ky. Average 15 cents.
J. B. Winn, Versailles, Ky. Average 15 1-2 cents.
Neal & Sanders, Harrodsburg, Ky. Average 16 cents.
Onstott & Osborne, Lancaster, Ky. Average 16 cents.
Twyman & Wardel, Versailles, Ky. Average 16 1-4 cents.
Brown & Martin, Nicholasville, Ky. Average 16 1-2 cents.
W. D. Watts, Lexington, Ky. Average 16 3-4 cents.
D. I. Prewitt, Teatonsville, Ky. Average 17 cents.
Hall & Barnes, Lexington, Ky. Average \$17.70.
Barkley & Montgomery, Nicholasville, Ky. Average \$18.75.
Stone & Bryant, Nicholasville, Ky. Average \$19.20.
Leslie Bruner, Bryantsville, Ky. Average \$20.30.

The Central Kentucky Tobacco Warehouse Co.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

CATARRH!

Cured by the Marvel of the
Century, B. B. B.—Tested for
30 Years.

Hawking, spitting, foul breath, discharges of yellow matter permanently cured with pure botanical ingredients. To prove it we will send you a SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE. Catarrh is not only dangerous but it causes ulcerations, death and decay of bones, kills ambition, often causes loss of appetite, and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it by taking Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). It is a quick, radical, permanent cure because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh. At the same time Blood Balm (B. B. B.) purifies the blood, does away with every symptom of catarrh. B. B. B. sends a tingling flood of warm, rich, pure blood direct to the paralyzed nerves, and parts affected by catarrhal poison, giving warmth and strength just where it is needed, and in this way making a perfect, lasting cure of catarrh in all its forms. Druggists or by express, \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Samples sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble and free medical advice given. Sole by Varden & Son.

Thirty Years Together.

Thirty years of association, think of it. How the merit of a good thing stands out in that time—or the worthlessness of a bad one. So there's no guesswork in this evidence of Thos. Ariss, Concord, Mich., who writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for 30 years, and its the best cough and cold cure I ever used." Once it finds entrance in a home you can't pry it out. Many families have used it forty years. It's the most infallible throat and lung medicine on earth. Unequaled for lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, quinsy, or sore lungs. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Oberdorfer.

RHEUMATISM

Cured by the Marvel of the
Century, B. B. B.—Tested for
30 Years.

Aching bones, swollen joints permanently cured through the blood with pure Botanical Ingredients. To prove it we will send you a SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE.

If you have bone pains, sciatica or shooting pains up and down the leg, aching back or shoulder blades, swollen muscles, difficulty in moving around so you have to use crutches; blood thin or skin pale; skin itches and burns; shifting pains; bad breath, lumbago, gout, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) which will remove every symptom, because B. B. B. sends a rich, tingling flood of warm, rich pure blood direct to the paralyzed nerves, bones and joints, giving warmth and strength just where it is needed, and in this way making a perfect, lasting cure of Rheumatism in all its forms.

B. B. B. has made thousands of cures of rheumatism after all other medicines, liniments and doctors have failed to help or cure. Drug gists or by express, \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Samples sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble and free medical advice given. Sold by Varden & Son.

Low Round Trip



RATES.

Homeseekers' Fares

To points in Arizona, Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Montana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Alabama, Florida and Mississippi. Tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month with final return limit 25 days from date of sale except to destinations in Florida, final limit will be 12 days from date of sale. Liberal stopovers allowed in homeseeker territory. We also have on sale daily until April 30, 1912, with final return limits May 31, 1912 Winter Tourist tickets to points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, New Mexico and Texas, with liberal stopovers allowed.

For further information, call on or write

W. H. HARRIS, Agent.
or N. T. DRAKE, T. A.

MONEY IN TRAPPING FURS

We tell you now, and pay best market prices. We are dealers; established in 1896; and can do BETTER for you than agents or commission merchants. References any bank in Louisville. Write for weekly price list.
M. SABEL & SONS
224-230 1/2 & 33 E. Market St., LOUISVILLE, KY.
Dealers in FURS, HIDES, WOOL.

WEST INDIAN BANANA FREAKS

Man Long in Fruit Business Sends
Photograph of Two Remark-
able Formations.

New York.—From Kingston, Jamaica, comes a photograph of banana freaks, sent by W. N. Livingston, who says:

"In the accompanying picture are depicted two freaks. One a monster banana of the Martinique variety, weighing 135 pounds, containing 15 hands, averaging 18 fingers to the hand, and a freak of the same variety, both known to botanists as the Musa Sapientum, with 33 laps or hands weighing 26 pounds, both well matured and cut from the same property. It is the most perfect freak that I have seen after an experience of over 25



Banana Freaks.

years in the fruit business. This happened just after storm of 1903 that laid waste the banana cultivations of this island. In going through the fields chopping down the fallen trees this one appears to have been left standing, with just the limbs or branches lopped off with the result that the fruit shot right through the open cavity bearing the peculiar formation as shown in the accompanying illustration on the right."

The Jamaica banana predominates in the markets of the United States. This predominance is the result of a combination of circumstances and intention. The banana grown in Jamaica was not indigenous to that island; or, in other words, it was imported from another part of the tropics to find nourishment and cultivation in Jamaica. The banana so widely known as the Jamaican in the markets of the United States, was born in Martinique, reared in Jamaica and sent to school in North America. It is true that bananas may be induced to grow in Florida, and that Cuba has made commendable, if not always profitable, efforts in the direction of cultivation; but in the Island of Jamaica, the climate, the annual rainfall of 35 inches, a stable British protectorate assuring the obedience of a sufficient number of laborers has made it a success.

WORLD'S OLDEST RAIN GAUGE

Was Constructed by Order of Chinese
King in the Year
1442.

Boston, Mass.—The first record of a rain gauge is of that one which was constructed in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of King Sejo (1442), in China. The king ordered a bronze



Chinese Rain Gauge.

instrument made to measure the rainfall. It was a vase resting on a stone base and was placed in the observatory. Every time it rained he had his servants measure the water in the vase and report to him.

Lure to Shoot in Her Hat.

Lehighton, Pa.—The lure of the plumage which she wore in her bonnet was responsible for the fact that Mrs. Robert Rex has a bullet in her hip. Mrs. Rex and a number of ladies were walking along the Mahoning mountain, near Lehighton, wearing gaudily feathered fall hats. They chanced to pass a group of boys with a toy rifle, when one of them remarked: "Let's shoot them in the hat." The bullet, however, missed the hats, but struck Mrs. Rex.

Given Causes of Swearing.

Minneapolis, Minn.—A. N. Gilbertson, department of psychology at the University of Minnesota, says swearing is resorted to generally by people who are not educated enough to express their passion in literary style.

Job Printing

WORK DONE

WHEN PROMISED

Good Work Done Cheap;

Cheap Work Done Good!



THE JOB ROOMS OF

THE

BOURBON

NEWS

Are prepared to do the best of
Printing on short notice—such as

BILLHEADS,
LETTERHEADS,
CARDS,
CATALOG
POSTERS,

and, in fact, everything
that is printed.

Orders for Engraving,
such as Wedding An-
nouncements, Invitations,
given prompt attention.

Let us figure with you on
on your next work.

Our facilities are the best, having
just installed two of the latest im-
proved Chandler & Price Job
Presses—come around and see them
work.

Our type is new and modern
faces.

The Bourbon News,

104 Issues a Year for
\$2.00.

Advertising rates reasonable and made
known on application.

L. & N. TIME-TABLE

IN EFFECT DEC. 3, 1911. AT 11:59 P. M.

Trains Arrive

No.	FROM	
31	Atlanta, Ga., Daily	5:21 am
34	Lexington, Ky., Daily	5:18 am
35	Cynthiana, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	7:35 am
7	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	7:38 am
10	Rowland, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	7:55 am
40	Lexington, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	8:12 am
37	Cincinnati, O., Daily	8:50 am
3	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	10:20 am
12	Lexington, Ky., Daily	10:15 am
32	Cincinnati, O., Daily	10:24 am
26	Lexington, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	12:00 am
25	Cynthiana, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	3:10 pm
9	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	3:15 pm
128	Lexington, Ky., Daily	3:34 pm
28	Knoxville, Tenn., Daily	3:25 pm
5	Maysville, Ky., Daily	5:25 pm
35	Cincinnati, O., Daily Except Sunday	5:40 pm
29	Lexington, Ky., Daily	5:47 pm
8	Louisville & Frankfort, Daily Except Sunday	6:03 am
32	Jacksonville, Fla., Daily	6:05 pm
14	Lexington, Ky., Daily	10:45 pm
31	Cincinnati, O., Daily	10:50 pm

Trains Depart

No.	TO	
34	Cincinnati, O., Daily	5:28 am
31	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	5:35 am
4	Lexington, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	7:47 am
40	Cincinnati, O., Daily Except Sunday	8:20 am
10	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	8:20 am
137	Lexington, Ky., Daily	9:57 am
37	Knoxville, Tenn., Daily	9:56 am
33	Jacksonville, Fla., Daily	10:24 am
133	Lexington, Ky., Daily	10:27 am
6	Maysville, Ky., Daily	12:05 pm
26	Cynthiana, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	12:04 am
25	Lexington, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	3:34 pm
38	Cincinnati, O., Daily	3:40 pm
9	Rowland, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	5:52 pm
39	Lexington, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	5:57 pm
32	Cincinnati, O., Daily	6:10 pm
8	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	6:15 pm
13	Lexington, Ky., Daily	6:15 pm
30	Cynthiana, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	6:25 pm
31	Lexington, Ky., Daily	10:53 pm
13	Atlanta, Ga., Daily	10:57 pm

F. & C. TIME-TABLE

IN EFFECT OCTOBER. 3, 1911.

Trains Arrive

No.	FROM	
2	Frankfort, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	8:13 am
4	Frankfort, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	8:40 pm
5	Louisville & Frankfort, Daily Except Sunday	8:50 pm
162	Louisville & Frankfort, Sunday Only	10:00 pm

Trains Depart

No.	TO	
161	Frankfort & Louisville, Sunday Only	7:10 am
7	Frankfort & Louisville, Daily Except Sunday	7:43 am
1	Frankfort, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	9:53 am
3	Frankfort, Ky., Daily Except Sunday	5:52 am

CLOSED!

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9 AND 10,
In Order to Mark Down and Re-Arrange Our Stock
of Winter Goods for Our Big

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

THURSDAY JANUARY 11

When we will inaugurate the greatest sale of seasonable merchandise ever held in Bourbon County. Right in the midst of Winter, your advantage and gain in getting the best and most seasonable merchandise is untold. All profit has been lost sight of in order to convert our Winter goods into cash.

You will be accorded the same careful attention, the same courteous treatment, the same guarantee that these goods are right that has at all times characterized our business. Take advantage of these great bargains in Clothing.



Men's Suits

All of this season's styles; no old styles, in two and three button models, in stripes and mixtures of grey, brown and tans; also some blacks and blues.

\$12.50 Suits, now	\$ 9.98
15.00 Suits, now	11.98
17.50 Suits, now	13.98
20.00 Suits, now	14.98
22.50 Suits, now	16.98
25.00 Suits, now	18.98
27.50 Suits, now	21.98
30.00 Suits, now	23.98
35.00 Suits, now	27.98

Men's Overcoats



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The House of Kuppenheimer
Chicago

Of this season's style, made with velvet collars, Military and Convertible Collars, in all lengths and styles, in all the new patterns of greys, browns and blacks.

\$10.00 Overcoats, now	\$ 6.98
12.50 Overcoats, now	9.98
15.00 Overcoats, now	11.98
17.50 Overcoats, now	13.98
20.00 Overcoats, now	14.98
22.50 Overcoats, now	16.98
25.00 Overcoats, now	18.98
27.50 Overcoats, now	21.98
30.00 Overcoats, now	23.98
35.00 Overcoats, now	27.98



Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

In fancy mixtures of Gray, Tan and Brown, of the very best makes and style, with Bloomer Pants.

\$ 5 00 Suits and Overcoats, now	\$ 3.98
6.00 Suits and Overcoats, now	4.98
7.50 Suits and Overcoats, now	5.98
8.50 Suits and Overcoats, now	6.96
10.00 Suits and Overcoats, now	7.98
12.50 Suits and Overcoats, now	9.98

All Straight Pants Suits Half-Price.

Men's Trousers

Included in our stock of trousers are Duck-ess and Pongee Trousers, none are better at any price, and at the prices we sell them, its like putting money in the bank.

\$2.00 Pants	\$1.48
\$3.00 Pants	\$1.98
\$3.50 Pants	\$2.48
\$4.00 Pants	\$2.98
\$5.00 Pants	\$3.98
\$6.00 Pants	\$4.98
\$7.50 Pants	\$5.98
\$8.50 Pants	\$6.98

SPECIALS

Keystone Overalls \$3 grade, Now **\$1.98**

PANTS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

\$3.50 Grade Now **\$2.48** \$4.00 Grade Now **\$2.98**

\$5.00 Grade Now **\$3.98**

10 doz Men's and Boys' Grey Coat Sweaters, 50c quality, now **25c**

MANHATTAN SHIRTS.

You'll find nowhere a better selection of this famous make of Shirts. They, too, go in this great slaughter of prices.

\$1.50 Manhattan Shirts	\$1.15
2.00 Manhattan Shirts	1.48
2.50 Manhattan Shirts	1.88

\$1.00 Shirts	.79
1.25 Shirts	.98

Flannel Shirts, \$1.25 grade..98c



Men's Fleece Lined Underwear, Ribbed Balbriggan 50c quality, now **39c**
Men's Fur Lined Caps, 75c and \$1 grade, now **50c**
Reductions on all White and Fancy Vests.
One lot of Wool Underwear, Shirts and Drawers, \$2 to \$3 grade **\$1.50**

All Fancy Hosiery, interwoven excepted, 50c quality, now **25c**; 25c quality, **15c**.
One lot of Shirts, \$1.50 to \$3 quality, choice **\$1.00**
Men's Neckwear, the best selected patterns, the newest colors, the newest shapes **\$1 quality 79c; 75c quality 49c; 50c quality 39c**

Everything will be Sold for **Cash Only**. Alterations on Suits and Overcoats made at cost. Anything not satisfactory will be exchange. No Goods on Approval.

Come early and buy enough to supply your needs, for never before has such an opportunity been offered you to buy such high-class goods as you are now offered. This is absolutely a bonafide sale. Our regular stock, and not cheap stuff brought on especially for a sale. It is your gain, our loss.

J.W. Davis & Co.

If It Comes From Davis' It Is Right.

The Pool of Flame



By
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Illustrations by Elsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens at Monte Carlo with Col. Terence O'Rourke in his hotel. O'Rourke, a military free lance and something of a gambler, is dressing for appearance in the restaurant below when the sound of a girlish voice singing attracts his attention. Leaning out on the balcony he sees a beautiful girl who suddenly disappears. He rushes to the corridor to see a neatly gowned form enter the elevator and pass from sight.

CHAPTER II.—O'Rourke's mind is filled with thoughts of the girl, and when he goes to the gaming table he allows his remarkable winnings to accumulate indifferently. He notices two men watching him. One is the Hon. Bertie Glynn, while his companion is Viscount Des Trebes, a noted duelist. When O'Rourke leaves the table the viscount tells him he represents the French government and that he has been directed to O'Rourke as a man who would undertake a secret mission.

"In half an hour? I'll wait ye then, monsieur."

"Pardon, then, my haste. I am late. I must be off."

The man's hand touched O'Rourke's in the most brief of clasps, singularly firm and cold. The Irishman pondered the sensation for some moments after Des Trebes' hurrying figure had vanished in shadows.

"I don't like it," he averred; "tis a bad sign—a hand that's naturally cold. I never yet touched one like it that belonged to a man ye could trust. I misdoubt he's sound at the core, Des Trebes. . . . But then, what's the odds? Can I not take care of me-self? And since 'tis the Government of France I'm treating with, and himself only the medium—that puts altogether a different complexion on the matter."

He spent the ensuing half-hour loitering in the more populous portion of the grounds, smoking as he strolled, his eyes keen to scrutinize each woman who came his way. But he discovered none resembling her whom he had seen in the Casino.

CHAPTER III.

As he stepped out of the lift Colonel O'Rourke remarked a light in his room, visible through the transom over the door.

"The femme de chambre," he thought. "Sure and the poor thing's still busy trying to clear up. . . . To the contrary, he found the door fast. 'Tis careless she was to leave the light on," he observed, fitting his key in the lock.

If thoughtless in that one way, the woman had fulfilled the letter of her word in the other. It was with comprehensive relief (since he anticipated a caller) that he found the room once again presentable.

But one thing surprised him; and more surprising still was the fact that his ordinarily indifferent eye should have detected it at the first glance. He had indeed hardly entered before he became aware of a square of white paper tucked in the corner of the bureau mirror.

"The devil, now!" he greeted it. "That's curious. . . . Could one of me many admirers have bribed the femme de chambre to bring a note to me?" He chuckled, holding to the light a much soiled envelope, grimy with the marks of many fingers, plastered with stamps and black with postage marks and substitute addresses, having evidently been forwarded over half the world before it reached the addressee: who was, in a bold hand, "Colonel Terence O'Rourke."

He whistled low over this, examining it intently, infinitely less concerned with its contents than with the manner by which it had reached him. The first postmark seemed to be that of Rangoon, the original address, the Cercle Militaire, his club in Paris. Thence, apparently, it had sought him in Galway, Ireland, Dublin, Paris again, and finally—after half a dozen other addresses—"C. of Mme. O'Rourke, Hotel Carlton, London." The London postmark was indecipherable.

He found himself trembling violently. By one hand alone could this have reached him, since the post had not brought it to Monte Carlo.

He recalled that woman's voice which had so stirred him, the woman of the Casino whose bearing had seemed to him so familiar.

Some one tapped on the door; he smothered a curse of annoyance, and went to answer, thrusting the letter into his pocket.

A page announced Monsieur le Comte des Trebes.

"Show the gentleman up," snapped O'Rourke. He was about to add, "In five minutes," when Des Trebes himself appeared.

"Anticipating that message, monsieur," he said, moving into view from one side of the door, "I took the liberty of accompanying this boy. I am late, I fear."

O'Rourke forced a nod and smile of welcome. "Not to my knowledge," said he.

The Frenchman consulted his watch. "Ten minutes late, monsieur; it is ten

past midnight."

"Then," said O'Rourke, "the top of the morning to ye. Enter, monsieur." He stood aside, closing the door behind him. "Tis no matter; if I thought ye punctual, 'tis so ye are to all intents and purposes."

A chair, monsieur. He established Des Trebes by a window. "And a cigarette? . . . A drop to drink? . . . As ye will. . . . And since 'tis to talk secret business that we're here—would ye like the door locked?"

"That is hardly essential!" Des Trebes reviewed his surroundings with swift, searching glance. "We are at least secure from interruption; one could ask little more."

"True for ye," laughed O'Rourke. He moved toward the alcove. "Now first of all I'm to submit proofs of me identity, I believe," he added, intending to dig out of his trunk a dispatch-box containing his passports and other papers of a private nature.

But Des Trebes had changed his mind. "That is unnecessary, monsieur. Your very willingness is sufficient proof. I have your word and am content."

"That's the way of doing business that I like," assented O'Rourke heartily, warming a little to the man as he turned back a chair facing the vicomte. "Besides, I quarrel with no man's right to be reasonable. . . . And now I'm at your service, monsieur."

Des Trebes, lounging back, knees crossed, thin white fingers interlaced, black eyes narrowing, regarded the Irishman thoughtfully for a moment. Abruptly he sat up and removed from an inner pocket a long thin white envelope, thrice sealed with red wax and innocent of any super-scription whatever.

"Are you prepared, monsieur," he demanded incisively, "to play blind-man's buff?"

"Am I what?" asked O'Rourke, startled. Then he smiled. "Pardon; perhaps I fail to follow ye."

"I mean," explained the vicomte patiently, "that I have to offer you a commission to act under sealed orders"—he tapped the envelope—"the orders contained herein."

"And when would I be free to open that?"

"As soon as you are at sea—away from France, monsieur."

O'Rourke considered the envelope doubtfully. "From you, monsieur—from the Government of France, which you represent," he said at length, "yes; I will accept such a commission. France," he averred simply, "knows me; it wouldn't be asking me to do anything a gentleman shouldn't."

"You may feel assured of that," agreed Des Trebes gravely. "Indeed, I venture to assert you will find this—let us say—adventure much to your liking. . . . Then you accept?"

"One moment—a dozen questions, by your leave. . . . When must I start?"

"Tomorrow morning by the Cote d'Azur Rapide, at ten minutes to eight."

"And where will I be going?"

"First to Paris; thence to Havre; thence, by the first available steamer, to New York; finally, it may be to Venezuela, monsieur."

"Expenses?"

"I will myself furnish you with funds sufficient to finance you as far as New York. There our consul-general will provide you with what more you may require. It is essential that your connection with this affair shall be kept secret; should you draw on the government in this country, it would expose you to grave suspicions, perhaps to danger."

"I understand that," assented the Irishman. "But to obviate all danger of mistake, would it not be well to have one of your trusted agents meet me on the steamer and provide me with whatever ye figure I might require? 'Tis barely possible your consul-general might not recognize me in New York. Why should he? I never heard his name, even."

Des Trebes meditated this briefly. "It shall be as ye desire, monsieur. It shall be arranged as you suggest."

"Finally, then, what is to be my recompense?"

"That must depend. I am authorized to assure you that in no case will you receive less than twenty-five thousand francs; in event of a successful termination of your mission, the reward will be doubled."

"Tis enough," said O'Rourke with a sigh; "I accept."

The Frenchman rose, offering him the envelope. "You must pledge yourself, monsieur, not to break these seals until you are at sea?"

"Absolutely—of course," O'Rourke took the packet, weighed it curiously in his hand and scrutinized the seals. He remarked that they were yet soft and fresh; the wax had been hot within the half hour.

"I will do myself the honor of meeting you at the train to see you off, monsieur," said Des Trebes. "At that time, also, will I provide you with the funds you require."

"Thank ye."

Their hands met.

"Good night, Monsieur O'Rourke."

"Good night."

Half way to the door, Des Trebes paused. "Oh, by the way," he exclaimed carelessly, "I believe you are a friend of my old school-fellow, Chamberlain—mon cher Adolph?"

"Thank you. . . . On the point of leaving the vicomte snapped his teeth on a second "Good night," and swore beneath his breath.

O'Rourke, surprised, stared. The Frenchman was standing stiffly at attention, as if alarmed. His pallor was, if possible, increased, livid—his closely shaven beard showing blue-black on his heavy jaws and prominent chin. His eyes blazed, shifting from the alcove to O'Rourke.

"Monsieur?" he demanded harshly, "what does this insult mean?"

"Mean?" iterated O'Rourke. "Insult? Faith, ye have me there."

Speechless with rage, Des Trebes gestured violently toward the alcove; and O'Rourke became aware that the curtains were shaking—waving as though a draught stirred them. But there was no draught. And beneath their edge he saw two feet—two small, bewitching feet in the daintiest and most absurd of evening slippers, with an inch or so of silken stockings showing above each.

Des Trebes' eyes, filled with an expression unspeakably offensive, met the Irishman's blank, wondering gaze. "It is, no doubt," the Frenchman stammered, "sanctioned by your code to have me spied upon by the partner of your liaisons."

"But, monsieur—"

"I compliment the lady upon the smallness of her feet, as well as upon ankles so charming that I cannot bring myself to leave without a glimpse of their mistress' features."

Des Trebes moved toward the alcove. Thunderstruck, O'Rourke rapped out a stupefied oath, then in a stride forestalled the man. With him it was as if suddenly a circuit had closed in his intelligence, establishing a definite connection between the three—now four—most mystifying incidents of the evening.

"Less haste, monsieur," he counseled in a voice of ice. His hand fell with almost paralyzing force upon the other's wrist as he sought to grasp the curtain, and swung him roughly back. "Yourself will never know who's there—whatever the lady may be. . . . Ah, but no, monsieur!"

Maddened beyond prudence, Des Trebes had struck at his face. O'Rourke warded off the blow and in what seemed the same movement whirled the man round by his captive wrist and caught the other arm from the back. The briefest of struggles ensued. The Frenchman, taken at a complete disadvantage, was for all his resistance hustled to the door and thrown through it before he fairly comprehended what was happening.

Free at length, if on all fours, he scrambled to his feet to find O'Rourke had shut the door behind him, calmly awaiting the next move.

"Haven't ye had enough?" demanded the Irishman as the vicomte, blinded with passion, seemed about to renew the attack. "Or are ye wishful to be going downstairs in the same fashion?"

Des Trebes drew back, snarling.

"You dog!" he cried. Then abruptly, by an admirable effort, he calmed himself surprisingly, drawing himself up with considerable dignity and throttling his temper as he quietly adjusted the disorder of his clothing. Only in his eyes, black as sloes and small, did there remain any trace of his malignant and unquenchable hatred.

"I am unfortunately," he sneered, "incapable of participating in such brawls as you prefer, Colonel O'Rourke. But I am not content. I warn you. . . . My rank prevents me from punishing you personally; I am obliged to fight gentlemen only."

O'Rourke laughed openly.

"But I advise you to leave Monte Carlo before morning. Should you remain, or should you come within my neighborhood another time—at whatever time—I will kill you as I would a rabid cur—or cause you to be shot."

"There's always the coward's alternative," returned the Irishman. "But ye mustn't forget ye've only the one leg to stand upon in society—your notoriety as a duelist. And I shall take steps to see that ye fight me before sunset. Else shall all Europe know ye for a coward."

Behind the vicomte the lift shot up, paused, and discharged a single passenger. As swiftly the cage disappeared.

Out of the corner of his eye, O'Rourke recognized the newcomer as an old acquaintance, and his heart swelled with gratitude while a smile of rare pleasure shaped itself upon his lips. He had now the Frenchman absolutely at his mercy.

"Captain von Einem," he said quickly, "by your leave, a moment of your time."

The man paused stiffly, with the square-set and erect poise of an officer of the German army. "At your service, Colonel O'Rourke," he said in impeccable French.

But the Irishman had returned undivided attention to Des Trebes. "Monsieur," he announced, "your nose annoys me." And with that he shot out a hand and seized the offensive member between a strong and capable thumb and forefinger. "It has annoyed me," he explained in parenthesis, "ever since I first clapped me two eyes upon ye, scum of the earth that ye are."

And he tweaked the nose of Monsieur le Viscount des Trebes, tweaked it with a will and great pleasure, tweaked it for glory and the Saints; carefully, methodically, even painstakingly, he kneaded and pulled and twisted it from side to side, ere releasing it.

Then stepping back and wiping his fingers upon a handkerchief, he cocked his head to one side and admired the result of his handiwork. "Tis an amazingly happy effect," he observed critically—the crimson blotch it makes against the chalky complexion ye affect, Monsieur des Trebes. . . . And now I fancy ye'll fight. Your friends may call upon mine here—Captain von Einem, with your permission."

"Most happy, Colonel O'Rourke," assented the German, blue eyes sparkling in an immobile countenance. "I shall await the seconds of Monsieur des Trebes in my rooms."

The Frenchman essayed to speak, choked with passion, and turning abruptly, somewhat unsteadily descending the staircase.

O'Rourke laughed briefly, offering the German his hand. "Twas wonderfully opportune, your appearance, captain dear," said he. "Thank ye from the bottom of me heart. . . . And now will ye forgive me excusing myself until I hear from ye about the affair of the morning? I've a friend waiting in me room here. . . . Pardon the rudeness."

CHAPTER IV.

It would be difficult to designate precisely just what O'Rourke thought to discover, when after a punctilious return of Captain von Einem's salute, he reopened his door and, closing it quickly as he entered, turned the key in the lock.

His mood was exalted, his imagination excited; the swift succession of events which had made memorable the



"Monsieur, Your Nose Annoys Me!"

night, culminating with his open invitation to a challenge from the most desperate duelist in Europe, had inspired a volatile vivacity such as not even the excitement of the Casino had been potent to create in him. Of all mad conjectures imaginable the maddest was too weird for him to credit in his humor of that hour. Eliminating all else that had happened, in the course of that short evening, his heart had been stirred, his emotions played upon by a recrudescence of a passion which he had striven with all his strength to put behind him for a time; he had first heard the voice of the one woman to whom his love and faith and honor were irrevocably pledged, he had then seen her (or another who remarkably resembled her) for the scantiest of instants; and finally he had mysteriously received a letter which could, he believed, have been conveyed to him by no other hand but hers. And now he was persuaded beyond a doubt that the person of the alcove, the eavesdropper for whose fair repute he had chosen to risk his life, was nobody in the world but that same woman.

But more than all else, perhaps, he expected and feared to find the room deserted; for the balcony outside the windows afforded a means of escape too facile to be neglected by one who wished not to be discovered. . . .

His first definite impression was of consternation and despair; for the lights had been shut off in his absence. Then quickly he discerned, with eyes dazed by the change from the lighted hallway to the lightless chamber, the shadowy shape of a woman, motionless between him and the windows, waiting.

An electric switch was at his elbow. With a single motion he could have drenched the place with light. For an instant tempted, some strange scruple of delicacy, abetted it may be by his native love of romantic mystery, stayed his hand.

"Madame," said he, "or mademoiselle, whichever ye may be—the windows are open, meself's not detaining ye. If ye choose, ye may go; but ye'd favor me by going quickly. . . . I give ye," he continued, seeing that she neither moved nor replied, "this one chance. In thirty seconds I turn on the lights."

The woman did not stir; but he thought he could detect in the stillness her quickened breathing.

"What ye've taken," he amended, "I'd thank ye to leave as ye go—if ye came to steal. 'Tis little I have to lose."

There was no answer.

He touched the switch with an impatient hand, stepped forward a single pace, caught himself up and stopped short, now pale and trembling who had a moment gone been flushed with calm.

"Beatrix!" he cried thickly. Dumbly his wife lifted her arms and offered herself to him, unutterably lovely, unspeakably radiant. . . .

It were worse than a waste of time to attempt a portrait of her as she seemed to him. Seen through her husband's eyes, her beauty was incomparable, immaculate, too rare and fine, too delicate a thing to be bodied forth in words, dependent upon the perfection of no single feature. Not in her hair

fair as sunlight on the sea, not in her eyes of autumnal brown, not in the wonderful fineness of her skin or in the daintiness of her features, not in the graciousness of her body, did he find the beauty of her that surpassed expression, but in the love she bore him, in the sweetness of her inviolate soul, in the steadfastness of her impregnable heart.

But it's doubtful if ever he had analyzed his passion for her so minutely. Mostly, I think, at that moment of her abrupt disclosure to him, he longed unutterably for her lips and the proffered wreath round his neck of her slim, round, white arms.

Yet he would not. Trembling though he was, with every instinct and every fiber of his being straining toward her, with the hunger for her a keen pain in his heart, he held himself back; or his conception of honor held him back. That which he had voluntarily forfeited and put away from him for his honor's sake, he would not take back though it were offered freely to him.

"So," he said, after a bit, shakily; then pulled himself together, and controlling his voice—"So 'twas yourself, after all, Beatrix! Me heart told me no other woman could have sung that song as ye did—"

The woman dropped her arms. "Your heart, Terence?" she asked a little bitterly.

"What else? Do ye doubt it?"

She shook her head sadly, wistfully. "How do I know? How can I tell? Surely, dear, no two people were ever happier than we—yet within a year from our wedding you. . . . You left me, ran away from me. . . . Why?"

"Well ye know why, dearest, and well ye know 'twas love of ye alone that drove me from ye. Could I let it be said ye had a husband who was incapable of supporting ye? Could I let it be said that your husband lived like a leech upon your fortunes? Faith, didn't I have to go for your sake?"

"No," she dissented with a second weary shake of her pretty head; "I think it was love of yourself, a little, Terence—that and your pride."

Why should any of our world have guessed you were not the rich man you fancied yourself when we were married? Who would have told them that your landed heritage in Ireland had turned out profitless? Not I, my dear."

"I know that," he contended stubbornly. "But I know, too, sooner or later it would have come out, and they would have said: 'There she goes with her fortune-hunter, the adventurer who married her for her money—'"

"And if so? What earthly difference could it make to us, sweetheart? What can gossip matter to us—if you love me?"

"If!" he cried, almost angrily. "If!"

Ah, but no, darling! 'tis your self knows there is no 'if' about it, that I'm sick with love of ye this very minute—sick and mad for ye. . . .

"Then," she pleaded, with a desperate little break in her incomparable voice; and again held out her arms to him—"then have pity on me, oh, my dearest one—have pity on me if only for a little while."

And suddenly he had caught her to him, and she lay in his arms, her young strong body molded to his, her lips to his, her eyes half-veiled, the sweet fragrance of her—too well remembered—intoxicating him; lay supine in his embrace, yet held him strongly to her, and trembled in sympathy with the deep, hurried pounding of his heart. . . .

In the south the horizon flamed livid to the zenith, revealing a great, black wall of cloud that had stolen up out of Africa; beneath it the sea shone momentarily with a sickly silken luster. Then the dense blackness of the night reigned again, as profound as though impenetrable, eternal.

Later a dull growl of thunder rolled in across the waste. With it came the first fitful warnings of the impending wind storm.

"Twas ye who sang to me, dearest?"

"Who else, you great silly boy?"

"And when you followed me to the door, making as much noise as a young elephant, Terence—I was minded to punish you a little, a very little, my dear. So I merely opened mine and closed it sharply."

"There was a woman in the hall—"

"I saw her, dear, and laughed; thinking how puzzled you would be. . . . Was I cruel, my heart? But I did not mean to be. I'd planned this surprise, you know, from the minute I found our rooms adjoined."

"And this letter"—O'Rourke fumbled in his pocket and got it out—"ye brought it to me?"

"It came to me in London, dear, two weeks ago; we were together—Clara Plinlimmon and I—at the Carlton."



He Stopped Short, Thunderstruck.

waiting for her yacht to be put into commission. Meanwhile she was making up the party for this Mediterranean trip. . . . I had no idea where to send you the letter. Have you read it?"

"Have I had time, sweetheart of mine?"

There was an interlude. In the distance the thunder rolled and rumbled.

Resolutely the young woman disengaged herself and withdrew to a little distance.

"Read, monsieur," she insisted, peremptorily.

"I've better things to do, me dear," he retorted with composure.

"You'll find it interesting."

"I find me wife more interesting than—How d'ye know I will?"

"Perhaps I have read it."

O'Rourke turned the letter over in his hand and noted what had theretofore escaped his attention—the fact that the envelope, badly frayed on the edges through much handling, was open at the top.

"So ye may," he admitted.

"It was that way when I received it. And I have read it. How could I help it?"

"Then ye've saved me the bother."

He prepared to rise and capture her. She retreated briskly. "Read!" she commanded. "Read about the Pool of Flame!"

He stopped short, thunderstruck. "The Pool of Flame?" he reiterated slowly. "What d'ye know about that?"

"What the letter tells me—no more. What has become of it?"

But he had already withdrawn the enclosure and tossed the envelope aside, and was reading—absorbed, excited, oblivious to all save that conveyed to his intelligence by the writing beneath his eyes.

It was a singularly curt, dry and business-like document for one that was destined to mold the romance of his life—strangely terse and tritely phrased for one that was to exert so far-reaching an influence over the lives of so many men and women. Upon a single sheet of paper bearing their letterhead, Messrs. Secretan and Sypher, solicitors, of Rangoon, Burma, had caused to be typed a communication to Colonel Terence O'Rourke, informing him that on behalf of a client who preferred to preserve his incognito they were prepared to offer a reward of one hundred thousand pounds sterling for the return, intact and unmarred, of the ruby known as the Pool of Flame. The said ruby was, when last heard of, in the possession of the said Colonel O'Rourke, who would receive the reward upon the delivery of the said stone to the undersigned at their offices in Rangoon within six months from date. Said delivery might be made either in person or by proxy. With which Messrs. Secretan and Sypher begged to remain respectfully his.

The Irishman read it once and again, memorizing its import; then deliberately shredded it into minute particles.

"So it's come," he said heavily, "just as the O'Mahoney foretold it would!"

He sank back in his chair, and his wife went to him and perched herself upon the arm of it, imprisoning his head with her arms and laying her cheek against his.

"What has come, my heart?"

"One hundred thousand pounds," he said. . . . "Trebble its worth, double what the O'Mahoney expected. . . ."

"Who is the O'Mahoney, dear?"

He roused. "An old friend, Beatrix—an old comrade. He died some years back, on the banks of the Tugela, fighting with a Boer commando. He was a lonely man, without kith or kin or many friends beside meself. That, I presume, is how he came to leave the Pool of Flame with me." He wound an arm round her and held her close. "Hearken, dear, and I'll be telling ye the story of it."

Behind them the infernal glare lit up the portentous skies. Thunder echoed between clouds and sea like heavy cannoning. The wife shrank close to her beloved. "I am not at all afraid," she declared, when her voice could be heard—"with you. . . . Tell me about the Pool of Flame."

"The O'Mahoney left it with me when he went to South Africa," explained O'Rourke. "Twas a pasteboard box the size of me fist, wrapped in brown paper and tied with a bit of string, that he brought me one evening, saying he was about to leave, and would I care for it in his absence. I knew no more of it than that 'twas something he valued highly, but I put it away in a safe-deposit vault—which he might've done if he hadn't been a scatterbrain—an Irishman."

"Then he wrote me a letter—I got it weeks after his death—saying he felt he was about to go out, and that the Pool of Flame was mine. He went on to explain that the box contained a monstrous big ruby and gave me its history, as far as he knew it."

"It seems that there's a certain highly respectable temple in one of the Shan States of Burma ('tis meself forgets the name of it) and in that temple there's an idol, a Buddha of pure gold, 'tis said. It would be a perfectly good Buddha, only that it lacks an eye; there's an empty socket in its forehead, and 'tis there the Pool of Flame belongs—or come from. In the old days the natives called this stone the Luck of the State, and maybe they were right; for when it disappeared the state became a British possession."

"In the war of 'eighty-five, says the O'Mahoney, a small detachment of British troops out of touch with their command, happened upon this temple"

(Continued On Page 2.)



The Purchasing Power of Your Dollar Will be a Happy Surprise to You as you Shop through the different Departments for Giant Values at Dwarf Prices are Greatly in Evidence.

What You Get for Your Money is as Important as the Amount You Pay. No matter how low the Price, no Trash Goes out of this Store—It's Always "Value Received."

SIMON'S GREAT JAN. WHITE SALE!

We speak honestly, we speak within bounds, when we emphasize this January White Sale as the Sale of Sales. In its economy it overtops any ever held under this roof. Every stock in the store is Profit Stripped. Hundreds of items will never be emphasized in print, but they are together with scores of other items that will be emphasized.

It isn't profit, it is not cost in many instances, that causes this great merchandise movement. The one great object is to reduce the stock prior to taking the annual inventory. It's a great chance, it's your chance; and your proof of wisdom will lie in taking advantage of it. We are going to crowd the store with satisfied buyers for 13 days as it has never been crowded before, and we earnestly invite you to be one of them. You can make no mistakes in buying at this great sale.

SALE BEGINS SAT. JAN. 13 ENDS JAN. 27

Muslin Underwear

New, crisp and dainty underwear, effective styles, highest qualities, and all marked at such low prices as must keep the tide of trade following our way, and add to our reputation as the greatest value givers in Paris.

LACES

A spontaneous offering. Quite suggestive. Summer sewing yet to do? Then this is your opportunity. We have taken many styles you like and marked them at prices you'll be glad to pay.

Embroidery

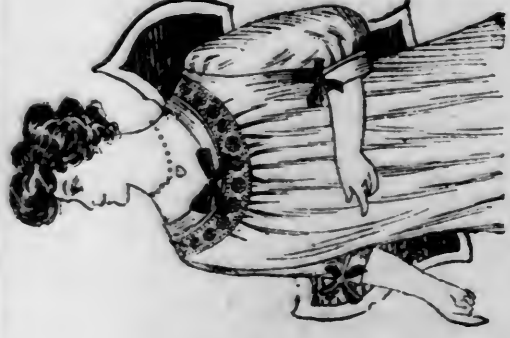
Sensational January White Sale prices. Thousands and thousands of yards have been bought for this tremendous White Goods Sale. Never before in the Dry Goods history of Paris have such beautiful Embroideries as these been offered at such astounding

SUITS AND SKIRTS

Bargains galore in Women's Coat Suits and Skirts. A line that we do not care to invoice, so will place on sale at prices that ought to hurry them out. All are the very latest styles in ready-to-wear garments for Winter.

SUITS

New, crisp and dainty underwear, effective styles, highest qualities, and all marked at such low prices as must keep the tide of trade following our way, and add to our reputation as the greatest value givers in Paris.



Corset Covers

- 25c Corset Covers, made of Soft Muslin, trimmed with Val. Lace and ribbon draw string.....12 1-2c
- 35c Corset Covers with deep lace yoke and ribbon insertion.....25c
- 50c Corset Covers of soft Muslin and Nainsook, a large assortment of styles.....39c
- 75c Nainsook Corset Covers.....59c

Drawers

- 25c Muslin Drawers, with hem-stitched hems, and 5 rows of pin tucks.....19c
- 50c Muslin Drawers, lace and embroidery flounces, a variety of models.....39c
- 75c Circular Drawers.....49c

SHOES

Our Entire Line of Shoes to Be Closed Out.

- \$3.00 Shoes at.....\$1.75
- 3.50 Shoes at.....2.25
- 4.00 Shoes at.....2.50

White Goods

The Looms never turned out prettier or finer White Goods than this year's styles. We have the different sorts in fine assortments, hardly anything you have a preference for is missing. Just now several lots are here at much lower than usual prices because of a lucky purchase from a wholesaler who was re-adjusting stock.

- 12 1/2c Dimity, at.....9c
- 15c Dimity, at.....10c
- 20c Dimity, at.....15c
- 25c Flaxon, plain and figured, at.....15c
- 25c Flaxon, plain, checked, 19c
- 35c Flaxon, plain, checked, 27 1/2c

HANDKERCHIEFS

Nothing is cheap to a person who can't use it—but everyone can use Handkerchiefs like these, and at these prices buying for the future needs is the wisest economy.

- 50c Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 1c each
- 50c Ladies' Handkerchiefs, at.....3 1/2c each
- Ladies' 10c Handkerchiefs, at.....50c each
- Ladies' 10c Handkerchiefs, at.....12 1/2c each

Dress Goods

- 50c and 60c Dress Goods, at.....32 1/2c yd
- 50c Dress Goods, at.....36c yd
- \$1.50 Dress Goods, at.....80c yd

Towels

- 10c Huck Towels, at.....7 1/2c each
- 25c Towels, at.....10c each

Table Linens

A big lot of Table Linens 2 yd, 2 1/2 yd and 3 yd lengths to be closed out at remnant prices.

Sheets

- Sheets, 72x90, at.....48c each
- Sheets, 81x90, at.....50c each

Shirt Waists

One lot of Soiled Shirt Waists, \$1.70 quality, at.....48c

Millinery

The Balance of Our Millinery at

Prices so Low
It is Almost Given
Away.

This Sale is For

CASH ONLY!

HARRY

STIMM

Paris, Kentucky

A spontaneous offering. Quite suggestive. Summer sewing yet to do? have taken many styles you like and marked them at prices you'll be glad to pay.

- 5,500 yards Laces, 5c quality, at.....21 1-2c yd
- 3,348 yards Laces, 10c quality, at.....5c yd
- 1,500 yards Laces, 15c quality, at.....10c yd
- 1,550 yards Laces, 20c quality, at.....15c yd
- 850 yards Laces, 25c quality, at.....19c yd

Bedding

A great lot of underpriced bedding, particularly Blankets and Comforts. Don't flatter yourself that you will be offered bedding later on for less.

COMFORTS

- \$2.00 Comforts, at.....\$1.39
- 3.00 Comforts, at.....1.98
- 3.50 Comforts, at.....2.45

BLANKETS

- \$.75 Blankets, at.....\$.48
- 1.25 Blankets, at......85
- 2.00 Blankets, at.....1.39
- 2.50 Blankets, at.....1.75
- 5.00 All-Wool Blankets, at.....3.50
- 1.00 Crib Blankets, at......59
- 2.00 Robe Blankets, at.....1.48
- 3.00 Robe Blankets, at.....2.25

MUSLINS

- 1,560 yds Hope Muslin.....6 1-2c yd
- 2,000 yds Lonsdale Green Ticket.....6 1-4c yd
- Thread, Clark's O. N. T., 3 spools for.....10c

GINGHAMS--New Styles, 1912.

- 10c quality.....7 1-2c
- 12 1-2c quality.....8 1-2c
- 15c quality.....11c
- 19c French Gingham.....15c

Sensational January White Sale prices. Thousands and thousands of yards have been bought for the famous White Goods Sale. Never before in the Dry Goods history of Paris have such beautiful Embroideries as these been offered at such astounding price reductions.

- 2,500 yds Embroideries, 10c quality at.....5c yd
- 3,339 yds Embroideries, 15c and 20c quality, at.....10c yd
- 2,850 yds Embroideries, 25c quality, at.....17 1-2c yd
- 2,769 yds Embroideries, 50c quality at.....35c yd
- 50 patterns 27-inch Flouncing, exclusive designs, \$1.50 quality, at.....98c yd
- 48 patterns 45-inch Flouncing, no two patterns alike, \$3 and \$3.50 quality, at.....\$1.98 yd
- 28 patterns 45-inch Embroidered Voile Flouncing, no two patterns alike, \$5 quality, at.....\$2.98 yd

HOSIERY

Saving on Hosiery. Whether you wish the serviceable Cotton Hose or most elaborate Silk ones, we have them, and are offering them at such a great reduction that the saving will warrant your buying for future use, if not for present needs.

- Ladies' fleeceline Hose, 20c quality, at.....7 1-2c pr
- 25c Silk Lisle Hose, at.....12 1-2c pr

GLOVES

Gloves going at about half. It is getting late for several kinds of Gloves we have. As the store cannot afford to carry this season's styles into the next, prices are made to prevent a possibility.

- 25c Gloves, at.....18c
- 50c Gloves, at.....38c
- \$1.00 Gloves, at.....75c
- \$1.25 Kid Gloves, at.....98c
- \$1.50 Kid Gloves, at.....\$1.19

Knit Underwear

The home of good Underwear. It's our business to supply a good Underwear for less money, or better Underwear for the same money. Pick any style, quality or make and let us prove the statement.

- Ladies' 25c Vests, at.....18c
- Ladies' 25c Pants, at.....18c
- Misses' 50c Union Suits, at.....38c
- Misses' 25c Vests, at.....12 1-2c
- Ladies' Munsing Vests, 50c quality, at.....38c
- Ladies' Munsing Pants, 50c quality, at.....38c
- Ladies' Union Suits, 75c quality.....38c
- Ladies' \$1.25 Munsing Union Suits, at.....85c
- Ladies' \$1.50 Munsing Union Suits, at.....\$1.15
- Ladies' \$2.00 Munsing Union Suits, at.....\$1.48
- Boys' 25c Vests and Pants, at.....12 1-2c each
- Men's 50c Vests and Pants, at.....38c each
- Boys' Union Suits, 50c quality.....38c each

50 Extra Sales Ladies Wanted!

Apply at the Store at Once.

The store will be Closed Thursday and Friday, Jan. 11th and 12th, to arrange stock and Mark Down Prices.

Bargains galore in Women's Coat Suits and Skirts. A line that we do not care to invoice, so will place on sale at prices the very best. Suits at ready-to-wear garments for Winter.

SUITS

- One lot of \$25 Suits at.....\$4.98
- Any Suit in the house, ranging in price up to \$40, at.....\$14.98

Coats at Half-Price

- \$10 Coats at.....\$5.00
- \$15 Coats at.....\$7.50
- \$20 Coats at.....\$10.00
- \$25 Coats at.....\$12.50
- \$35 Plush Coats at.....\$17.50

Skirts at Half-Price

- \$5 Skirts at.....\$2.50
- \$7.50 Skirts at.....\$3.75
- \$10 Skirts at.....\$5.00
- \$12.50 Skirts at.....\$6.25
- \$15 Skirts at.....\$7.50

One-Piece Dresses at Half-Price

Kimonos

- 50c Short Kimonos.....39c
- \$1.50 Long Kimonos.....95c
- \$2.00 Long Kimonos.....\$1.45
- \$2.50 Long Kimonos.....\$1.95
- \$3.00 Long Kimonos.....\$2.45

Children's Dresses

- 75c quality at.....48c
- \$1.25 quality at.....98c
- \$1.50 quality at.....\$1.15
- \$2.00 quality at.....\$1.45

Continued From Page 5)

we're speaking of and took it, disposing priests and populace without so much as a day's notice. The officer in command happened to see this eye in the Buddha's forehead, pried it out and put it in his pocket. In less than an hour the natives surrounded the temple and attacked in force. The British stood them off for three days and then were relieved; but in the meantime the officer had been killed and the Pool of Flame had vanished. . . . For several years it stayed quiet, so far as is known. Then the curse of the thing began to work, and it came to the surface in a drunken brawl in the slums of Port Said. The police, breaking into some dive to stop a row, found nobody in the place but a dead Greek; they say 'twas a shambling. One of the police found the big ruby in the dead man's fist and before his companions guessed what was up slipped away with the stone. . . . He was murdered some months later in a Genoese bagna, by a French girl, who got away with it somehow. . . . The O'Mahoney came across the thing in Algeria, when he was serving with the Foreign Legion. He was in Sidi Bel Abbas one night, off duty, and wandering about, when he heard a man cry out for help in one of the narrow black alleys of the place. He thought he recognized a comrade's voice, and surely enough, when he ran down to add him, he found a Dutchman, a man of his own regiment, fighting with half a dozen natives. He was about done for, the Dutchman, when the O'Mahoney came up, and so were three of the Arabs. The O'Mahoney took care of the rest of them, and left seven dead men behind him when he went away—the six natives and the Dutchman, who had died in his arms and given him the Pool of Flame with his last whisper.

"That's how it came to me," said O'Rourke.

"And where is it now?"

"Back in Algeria. If I'm not mistaken. . . . Ye remember Chambret—he was with us in the desert and wanted ye to marry him afterwards? He has it—the dear man; I love him like a brother. . . . He sickened of Europe when he found his case with you was hopeless, and went to Algiers, joining the Foreign Legion."

"But how?"

"Well, we were fond of each other, Chambret and I. I helped him out of some tight corners and he helped me along when my money ran short—as it always did, and will, I'm thinking. After a while I got to wondering how much I owed the man and figured it up; the sum total frightened the life out of me, and I made him take the ruby by way of security—and never was able to redeem it, for 'twas only a little after that that I came into me enormous patrimony and squandered it riotously getting married to the most beautiful woman living."

"He warned me to hold the stone, the O'Mahoney did, saying that the time would come when some native prince would offer to redeem the Luck of the State as an act of piety and patriotism. He prophesied a reward of at least fifty thousand pounds. And now it's come—twice over!"

"And now what can you do?"

"Do?" cried O'Rourke. "Faith, what would I be doing? D'ye realize what this means to me, dear heart? It means you—indeed, a little fortune, the right to claim my wife! He drew her to him. "Do? Sure, and by the first train and boat I'll go to Algeria, find Chambret, get him to give me the stone, take it to Rangoon, claim the reward, repay Chambret and—"

"And what, my paladin?"

"Dare ye ask me that, madame? . . . Say, will ye wait for me?"

She laughed softly. "Have I not waited, Ulysses?"

"Tell me," he demanded, "have ye talked with anyone about this letter?"

"Only to Clara Plinlimmon!"

"Good Lord!" groaned the Irishman. "Only to her! Could ye not have printed broadsides, the better to make the matter public?"

"Did I do wrong?"

"'Twas indiscreet—and that's putting it mildly, me dear. D'ye know the woman's a walking newspaper? How much did ye tell her? Did ye show her the letter?"

"No." She answered his last question first. "And I told her very little—only about this reward for a ruby I didn't know you owned. We were wondering where to find you."

"And she told no one—or who do you think?"

The woman looked a little frightened. "She told—she must have told that man—Monsieur des Trebes."

"That blackguard!"

"He was with us on the yacht, one of Clara's guests."

"She has a pretty taste for company—my word! How d'ye know she told him? He asked you about it?"

"The letter? Yes. He wanted to know the name of the solicitors and their address. I wouldn't tell him. I disliked him."

"Had ye told Lady Plinlimmon?"

"No."

"Praises be for that!"

"Why?"

"Because . . ." O'Rourke paused, vague suspicions taking shape in his mind. "Why did he ask about Chambret?" he demanded. "How could he have learned that the jewel was with him?"

He jumped up and began to pace the floor.

His wife rose, grave with consternation. "What," she faltered—"what makes you think, suspect?"

"Because the fellow lied to me about you this very night. Ye were with

Lady Plinlimmon in the Casino, weren't ye not? Faith, and didn't I see ye? I was in chase of ye when the man stopped me with his rigmorale about representing the French government and having a secret commission for me. Ye heard him just now. . . . And when I asked him was he of your party, he denied knowing Lady Plinlimmon. . . . He made a later appointment with me here, to talk things over. I'm thinking he only wanted time to think up a scheme for getting me out of the way. Also, he wanted to find out where Chambret was. D'ye not see through his little game? To get me away from Monte Carlo by the first morning train, that we might not meet; to get me on the first Atlantic liner, that I might not interfere with his plot against Chambret. For what other reason would he give me sealed orders? Sealed orders!" O'Rourke laughed curtly, taking up slipped away with the stone.



She Flung Herself Upon Him, Sobbing.

ing the long envelope from his pocket and tearing it open. "Behold his sealed orders, if ye please!"

He shuffled rapidly through his fingers six sheets of folded letter paper, guiltless of a single pen-scratch, crumpled them into a wad and threw it from him.

"What more do I need to prove that he's conspiring to steal the Pool of Flame and claim for himself the reward?"

A bankrupt, discredited, with nothing but his title and his fame as a duelist to give him standing; is it wonderful that he's grasping at any chance to recoup his fortunes? He took a swift stride toward the door, halted, turned. "And young Glynn?" he demanded. "Was he with you, and was he thick with this precious rogue of a vicomte?"

"They were much together."

"Faith, then it's clear as window-glass that the two of them, both broke, have figured out this thing between them. . . . Well and good! I want no more than a hint of warning."

He was interrupted by a knocking. With a start and a muttered exclamation he remembered Van Einem, and stepped to the door and out into a corridor, shutting the woman in.

She remained where he had left her, her pretty brows knitted with thought, for a time abstractedly conscious of a murmur of voices in the hallway. These presently ceased as the speakers moved away. She turned to one of the windows, leaning against its frame and staring at the ominous flicker and flare of sheet-lightning which lent the night a ghastly luminosity.

A cool breeze sprang up, bellying the curtains. The woman expanded to it, reviving in its fresh breath from the enervating influence of the evening's still heat. Her intuitive faculties began to work more vivaciously; she began to divine that which had been mysterious to her ere now.

The lightning grew more intense and incessant, the thunder beating the long roll of the charge. A heavy gust of air chill as death made her shiver. She shrank away from the windows, a little awed, wishing for O'Rourke's return, wondering what had made him leave her so abruptly.

Then suddenly she knew. . . . She could have screamed with horror.

Almost simultaneously the door slammed; her husband had returned. With a little cry she flung herself upon him, clinging to him, panting, sobbing.

"Tell me," she demanded, "what you intend to do? Do you mean to fight him—Des Trebes?"

"In the morning," he answered lightly, holding her tight and comforting her. "Tis unavoidable; I provoked his challenge. He was obliged to fight. But don't let that worry ye."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" She sobbed convulsively upon his breast.

"Twill be nothing—hardly that; an annoyance—no more. Believe me, dear."

"What can you mean?"

"That the man will never consent to weapons worthy the name. He values his precious hide too highly, and he's not going to put himself in the way of being injured when he has the Pool of Flame to steal. Be easy on that score, darling—and have faith in me a little. I'll not let him harm me by so much as a scratch."

"Ah, but how can I tell? . . . Dearest, my dearest, why not give it up—not the duel alone, but all this life of roaming and adventure that keeps us apart? Am I not worth a little sacrifice? Is my love not recompense enough for the loss of your absolute independence? Listen, dear, I have thought of something: I will

make you independent, I will settle upon you all that I possess. I—"

"Faith, and I know ye don't for an instant think I'd dream of accepting that!"

"But give it up. What is the world's esteem when you have me to love and honor you? . . . Come to me, Terence. I need you—I need you desperately. I need the protection of your arm as well as your name. I need my husband!"

"I will," he said gently; "sweetheart, I promise ye I will—in ninety days. Give me that respite, give me that time in which to make or break my fortunes. Give me a chance to take the Pool of Flame to Rangoon—nay, meet me there in ninety days. I will come to you as one who has the right to claim his wife; but if I have lost, still will I come to you, a broken man but your faithful lover—come to you to be healed and comforted. . . . Dear heart of me, give me this last chance!"

With an eldritch shriek and a mighty rushing wind the storm broke over the mainland and a roaring rain came down.

Impulsively the Irishman turned off the lights, and, lifting his wife in his arms bore her to an armchair by the window.

The storm waned in fury, passed, died in dull distant mutterings. Still she rested in his embrace, her flushed face, wet with tears, pillowed to his cheek, her mouth seeking his.

Vague murmurings sounded in the stillness, sighs. . . .

CHAPTER V.

At five in the morning a heavy motor car of the most advanced type stole in sinister silence out of the courtyard of the Hotel d'Orient, at the same sedate pace and with the same surreptitious air skulked through the town, and finally swung eastwards upon the Route de la Corniche, suddenly discarding all pretense of docility and swooping onward with a windy roar, its powerful motor purring like some gigantic tiger-cat.

It carried four; at the wheel a goggled and ennuied operator in shapeless and hideous garments; in the tonneau its owner, a middle-aged French manufacturer with pouched eyes, a liver, lank jaws clean-scraped, and an expression of high-minded devotion to duty; Captain Von Einem in uniform; and Colonel O'Rourke.

At the end of an hour's run, disturbed by one or two absurdly grave conferences between the seconds, in appropriate monotonous, the mechanician put on the brakes and slowed down the car, then deftly swung it into a narrow lane, a leafy tunnel through which it crawled for a minute or two ere debouching into a broad and sunlit meadow, walled in by woodland, conspicuously secluded.

To one side and at a little distance a second motor-car stood at rest; its operator had removed the hood and was tinkering with the motor in a most matter-of-fact manner. In the body of the machine Monsieur le Vicomte des Trebes, ostensibly unaware of the advent of the second party, sat twisting rapier-points to his moustaches and concentrating his gaze on infinity. O'Rourke observed

with malicious delight the nose of the duelist, much inflamed.

Advancing from his antagonist's position three preternaturally serious gentlemen of France in black frock coats and straight-brimmed silk hats waded ankle deep in dripping grass to meet O'Rourke's representatives.

The two parties met, saluted one another with immense reserve, and retired to a suitable distance to confer; something which they did wordlessly, with enthusiasm and many picturesque gestures. At first strangely amicable, the proceedings soon struck a snag. A serious difference of opinion arose. O'Rourke divined that the conference had gone into executive session upon the question of weapons. He treated himself to a secret grin, having anticipated this trouble.

The choice of weapons being his, as the challenged, he had modestly selected revolvers and had brought with him a brace of Webleys, burly pieces of pocket ordnance with short barrels and cylinders chambered to hold half a dozen .45 cartridges. They were not pretty, for they had seen service in their owner's hands for a number of years, but they were undeniably built for business. And at sight of them the friends of the vicomte recoiled in horror.

Eventually a compromise was arrived at. Monsieur Juillard stepped back, saluted, and with Von Einem returned to his principal, his face a mask of disappointment. As for himself, he told O'Rourke, he was desolated, but the seconds of Monsieur des Trebes had positively refused to consent to turning a meeting of honor into a massacre. They proposed to substitute regulation French dueling pistols as sanctioned by the Code. Such as that which Monsieur le Colonel O'Rourke might observe in Monsieur Juillard's hand.

O'Rourke blinked and sniffed at it. "Sure," he contended, "it's a magnifying glass I need to make it visible to me undressed eye. What the divyle does it carry—a dried pea? What d'ye think we're here for, if not to slay one another with due ceremony? Ask them that. Am I to save the vicomte's wounded honor by smiting him with a spitball? I grant ye, 'tis magnificent, but 'tis not a pistol."

Grumbling, he allowed himself to be persuaded. As he had foreseen and prophesied, so had it come to pass. Yet he had to grumble, partly because he was the O'Rourke, partly for effect.

None the less, he consented, and in the highest spirits left the car and

ploved through the lush wet grass to the spot selected for the encounter, in the shadow of the trees near the eastern border of the meadow. Here, the seconds having tossed for sides, he took a stand at one end of a sixty-foot stretch and, still indecorously amused, received a loaded pistol from Von Einem.

Des Trebes confronted him, white with rage, regretting already (O'Rourke made no doubt) that he had not accepted the Webleys. The Irishman's open contempt maddened the man.

The seconds retired to a perfectly safe distance, Von Einem holding the watch, one of Des Trebes' seconds a handkerchief. The chauffeurs threw away their cigarettes and sat up, for the first time roused out of their professional air of blasé indifference.

"One," cried the German clearly.

Des Trebes raised his arm and leveled his pistol at O'Rourke's head. A faint flush colored his face, but his eye was cold and hard behind the sight and the hand that held the weapon was as steady as if supported by an invisible rest.

"Two," said Von Einem.

O'Rourke measured the distance with his eye and raised his arm from the elbow only, holding the pistol with a loose grip.

"Three," said Von Einem.

The handkerchief fell.

The Irishman fired without moving. Des Trebes' weapon was discharged almost simultaneously, but with a ruined aim; its bullet went nowhere in particular. The Frenchman dropped the weapon and, wincing, examined solidly a knuckle from which O'Rourke's shot had struck a tiny particle of skin. His seconds rushed to him with cries, preceded by the surgeon with bandages. O'Rourke gracefully surrendered his artillery to Juillard, laughed at the vicomte again, and strolled back to the motor-car.

Juillard and Von Einem presently joined him, the former insistently anxious to have O'Rourke descend and clasp the hand of fraternal friendship with the vicomte. But the Irishman refused.

"Faith, no!" he laughed. "Niver! I'm too timorous a man to dare it. Sure and hasn't he hugged both his seconds and the surgeon, too, already? For me own part I've no mind to be kissed. Let's hurry away before he celebrates further by imprinting a chaste salute upon the cheek of our chauffeur. . . . Besides, I've a train to catch."

CHAPTER VI.

Events marched to schedule; what O'Rourke planned came serenely to pass. He experienced a day as replete with emotions as the night that preceded it and more marked by activity. Nothing hindering, he left the battle-scarred Vicomte des Trebes upon the field of honor at half-past six; at seven forty-five he settled himself in a coach of the Cote d'Azur Rapide, en route for Marseilles—a happy man, for he was alone. . . . At a quarter to one in the afternoon of the same day he boarded the little steamer Tabarka of the Mediterranean ferry service; and half an hour later stood by the after-rail of its promenade deck, watching the distances widen between him and all that he held beloved.

"In ninety days, dear boy," she had said. "Ah, Terence, Terence, if you should fall me . . ."

"I shall not fall. . . . Rangoon in ninety days. Dear heart, I will be there."

As if to feed the hunger of his heart he strained his vision to see the last of the land that held her. At length it disappeared, and then for the first time he consciously moved—drew a hand across his eyes, sighed and turned away.

Picking his way through the cosmopolitan throng of passengers, he went below, found his stateroom, and subsided into the berth for a sorely-needed nap; instead of indulging in which, however, he lay staring wide-eyed at his problem. He had much to accomplish, much to guard against. Des Trebes bulked large in the background of perils he must anticipate; O'Rourke was by no means disposed to flatter himself that he had scotched the schemes of the vicomte.

He made his second public appearance on the Tabarka at the hour of sunset; and in the act of making it, turned a corner and ran plump into the arms of a young person in tweeds and a steamer cap—a stoutish young Englishman with a vivid complexion and a bulldog pipe, nervousness tempering his native home-brewed insolence, the blank vacuity of his eyes hopelessly betraying the caliber of his intellect.

A sudden gust of anger swept O'Rourke off his figurative feet. He stopped short, blocking the gangway



So This Was What Had Been Set to Spy Upon Him.

and the young man's progress. So this was what had been set to spy upon him!

"Good evening to ye," he said coldly, fixing the Honorable Mr. Glynn with an interrogative eye that served to deepen his embarrassment and consternation. "I trust I didn't hurt ye, Mr. Glynn."

"Oh, no—not at all," stammered the Englishman. "Not in the least. No." He looked, right and left of O'Rourke for a way round him, found himself with no choice but to retreat, and lost his presence of mind completely. "I—I say," he continued desperately. "I say, have you a match?"

"Possibly," conceded O'Rourke. "But I've yet to meet him. Of this ye may feel sure, however: if I have, 'tis neither yourself nor Des Trebes. Now run along and figure it out for yourself—what I'm meaning. Good-night."

He brushed past the man, leaving him astare in sudden pallor, and went his way, more than a little disgusted with himself for his lack of discretion. As matters turned out, however, he had little to reproach himself with; for his outbreak served to keep young Glynn at a respectful distance throughout the remainder of the voyage. They met but once more, and on that occasion the Englishman behaved himself admirably according to the tenets of his caste—met O'Rourke's challenging gaze without a flicker of recognition, looked him up and down calmly with the deadly ennuied air peculiar to the underdone British youth of family and social position, and wandered calmly away.

O'Rourke watched him out of sight, a smile of appreciation curving his lips and tempering the perturbed and dangerous light in his eyes. "There's stuff in the lad, after all," he conceded without a grudge, "if he can carry a situation off like that. I'm doubting not at all that something might be whipped out of him, if he weren't what he's made himself—a slave to whisky."

For all of which appreciation, however, he soon wearied of Mr. Glynn. During the first day ashore it was not so bad; there was something amusing in being so openly dogged by a well-set-up young Englishman who had quite ceased to disguise his interest. But after that his shadowy surveillance proved somewhat distracting to a man busy with important affairs. And toward evening of the second day O'Rourke lost patience.

All day long in the sun, without respite he had knocked about from pillar to post of Algiers, seeking news of Chambret; and not until the eleventh hour had he secured the information he needed. Then, hurrying back to his hotel, he made arrangements to have his luggage cared for during an absence of indeterminate duration, hastily crammed a few indispensables into a kit box, and having dispatched that to the railway terminal, sought the restaurant for an early meal.

In the act of consuming his soup he became aware that the Honorable Bertie, in a dinner coat and a state of fidgets, had wandered down the outer corridor, passed at the restaurant door and espied his quarry. The fact that O'Rourke was dining with one eye on the clock and in a dust-proof, dust-colored suit of drill, was enough to disturb seriously the poise of the Englishman.

Exasperation stirred in O'Rourke. He eyed the young man rather morosely throughout the balance of his meal, a purpose forming in his mind and attaining the stature of a definite plan of action without opposition from the dictates of prudence. And at length swallowing his coffee and feeling his servitor, he rose, crossed the room with a firm tread, and came to a full stop at the Honorable Mr. Glynn's table.

Momentarily he held his tongue, staring down at the young man while drumming on the marble with the fingers of one hand. Then Glynn, glancing up in a state of somewhat panic-stricken inquiry which strove vainly to seem innocuous, met the level stare of the adventurer and noticed the tense lines of his lips.

"I—I say," he floundered, "what's the matter with you, anyway? Can't you leave me a—lone?"

"I've been thinking," said O'Rourke crisply, disregarding the other's remark entirely, "that it might be of interest to ye to save ye a bit of botheration to know that I'm going up to Biskra by tonight's train. It leaves in ten minutes, so I'll have to forego the pleasure of your society on the trip."

Glynn got a grip on himself and pulled together the elements of his manhood. He managed to infuse blank insolence into his stare, and said "Ow?" with that singularly maddening inflection of which the Englishman alone is master; as who should say: "Why the deuce d'you annoy me with your bally plans?"

"Don't believe I know you, do I?" he drawled.

"Can't say I wish to very badly, either."

"I believe that," O'Rourke chuckled grimly.

The meaning in his tone sent the blood into the young man's face, a fiery flood of resentment.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you, y'know," he said, bristling. "Of course you're not going to Biskra, or you wouldn't tell me so. But if you do, I shall make it my business to find out and follow by the next train—bringing Des Trebes with me."

"Oh, will ye so? Ye mean to warn me he's in Algeria, too?"

"His boat's due now; I'm expecting him at any moment, if you wish to know." O'Rourke's smiling contempt was angering the young man and ran-

dering him reckless. "You'll be glad to know you've made a dem' ass of yourself—if you really are going to Biskra."

"Praise from Sir Hubert!"

"Oh, don't you think I mind giving you a twelve-hour start; you won't gain anything by it. Y'see I know where you're going, and I know it's not there. If you'll take a fool's advice, you'll turn back now. You'll come back empty-handed anyway. I don't mind telling you that we mean to have that ruby. Des Trebes and I, and we know where it is. You're only taking needless trouble by interfering."

Truth was speaking from the bottom of the abstinence tumbler. O'Rourke's brows went up and he whistled noiselessly, for he realized that at least Glynn believed what he was admitting. "So that's the way of it, eh? I admire your candor, me boy; but be careful and not go too far with it. 'Twill likely prove disastrous to ye, I'm fearing. . . . But tit-for-tat; ye've made me a handsome present according to your lights, of what ye most aptly term a fool's advice, and 'tis myself who'll not be outdone at that game. For yourself, then, take warning from the experience of one who's seen a bit more of this side of the earth than most men have, and—don't let Des Trebes know ye've talked so freely. He's a bad-tempered sort and . . . But I'm obliged to ye and I bid ye a good evening."

CHAPTER VII.

South of Biskra there is always trouble to be had for the seeking; south of Biskra there is never peace. A guerilla warfare is waged perennially between the lords of the desert, the Touaregs on the one hand, and the advance agents of civilization, as personified by the reckless French Condemned Corps and the Foreign Legion on the other. Year after year military expeditions set out from the oasis of Biskra to penetrate the wilderness, either by caravan route to Timbuctoo or along the proposed route of the Trans-Saharan Railway to Lake Tchad; and their lines of march are traced in red upon the land.

Toward this debatable land O'Rourke set his face with a will, gladly; for he loved it. He had fought over it of old; in his memory its sands were sanctified with the blood of comrades, men by whose side he had been proud to fight, men of his own stamp whose friendship he had been proud to own.

Mentally serene, if physically the reverse of comfortable, O'Rourke dozed through the interminable twelve hours of the journey to El-Guerrah; arriving at which place after eight the following morning, he transferred himself and his hand-bags (for now he was traveling light) to the connecting train on the Biskra branch. The latter, scheduled to reach the oasis at four-thirty in the afternoon, loaded casually up the line, arriving at the terminus after dark.

The Irishman, thoroughly fagged but complacent in the knowledge that he had left both vicomte and honorable a day behind him, kept himself from bed by main will-power for half the night, while he made the rounds of cafes and dance halls, in search of a trustworthy and competent guide—no easy thing to find.

The French force by then was three days out from the oasis, and no doubt since it was technically a "flying column," calculated to move briskly from point to point in imitation of Touareg tactics, hourly putting a greater distance between itself and its starting-point. Moreover, the pursuit contemplated by the adventurer was one attended by no inconsiderable perils. By dint of indomitable persistence, unflinching good-nature and such influence as he could bring personally to bear upon the authorities, O'Rourke got what he desired—a competent guide and two racing camels, or mehera, with a pack animal that would serve their purpose.

By dawn they were ready to start; and so, in the level rays of a sun that seemed a dazzling sphere of intolerable light, poising itself in the eastern rim of the world as if undecided whether or no to take up its flight across the firmament, the little caravan rocked out into the fastness of the desert, the Irishman in the van sitting a blooded mehera as one to the wilderness born.

On the seventh night they bivouacked hard on the heels of the flying column, having for seven days pursued it this way and that, zigzagging into the heart of the parched land.

Now, when they were come within six hours of their goal, reluctantly, long after nightfall, O'Rourke gave consent to halt, conceding the necessity; for weariness weighed upon their shoulders a great burden, and the camels had become unusually sullen and evil tempered; if rest were denied them presently they would become obstinate and refuse to follow the road.

O'Rourke closed his eyes and lost consciousness with a sensation of falling headlong into a great pit of oblivion, bottomless, eternal. Yet it seemed no more than a moment ere he was sitting up and rubbing slumber into his eyes, shaken out of slumber by his guide.

He stumbled to his feet and lurched toward the camels, still but half awake. When his senses cleared irritation possessed him. His guide had been overzealous. He turned upon the man and seized him roughly by the arm.

"What the divyle!" he grumbled angrily, between a yawn and a chatter of teeth—for the air was bitter cold. "The moon's not vat us!"

[Continued on our Next]

THE BOURBON NEWS.

Winter
ALWAYS HAS THE BEST
OF EVERYTHING

Clearance Sale.

Frank & Co.'s big sale begins Saturday. Big bargains in silks, dress goods, waste goods, laces and hamburgs.

January Bargains.

We are offering great bargains in all furniture during the month of January. Call in and look them over.
J. T. HINTON.

Box Supper.

The Knights and Ladies of the Maccoes will give a box supper at K. of H. Hall Monday night, January 22, at eight o'clock.

No Damage.

In response to an alarm from box 31 Saturday afternoon the fire department made a quick run to the dwelling of Mr. R. P. Dow on Lilliston avenue, where damage resulted from the small fire.

Fire, wind and lightning insurance.
Thomas & Woodford.

Small Fire.

The fire department was called out Saturday afternoon in response to an alarm from box 21 at the corner of Walker avenue and Seventh street, where a small blaze in a dwelling belonging to Mr. Ed Gorey did but little damage.

THE BEST INSURANCE.

The best fire, wind and tornado insurance.
McClure & Clendenin.

Big Lot of Burley Sold.

The Burley Tobacco Society Thursday in Lexington sold 800,000 pounds of its 1909 pooled crop to buyers, said to be connected with the companies formerly accredited with being members of the tobacco trust. The price was not stated but it is known to be not under recent prices of 16 1/2 cents a pound.

No Shoddy Goods

Will be offered at Frank & Co.'s big sale. But high class merchandise at very low prices will be found in abundance.

Increase in Local Postal Receipts

The report of the local postoffice at the close of the year 1911 shows an increase in the business of \$203.56 over the previous year. The receipts for 1910 were \$15,836.27, while that of 1911 were \$16,039.82. The statement is for stamp sales and other receipts but does not involve any transactions in the money order, registry or postal savings divisions.

Michigan Kale.

Fresh shipment of fine Michigan Kale just received.
SAUER.

C. W. B. M. Meets.

The regular monthly meeting of the C. W. B. M. was held Friday afternoon in the parlour of the Christian church, the president, Mrs. W. E. Simms presiding. After the devotional exercises and a business session Mrs. J. W. Hayden offered resolutions on the death of Mrs. Mary E. Abbott, who died since the last meeting of the society. Miss Van Arsdale had charge of the literary section of the program, and gave a talk about Porto Rico, and the missionary work which is being done in that island.

Ladies Suits

That sold formerly up to \$40 each, choice \$10 at Frank & Co.'s sale. Others as low as \$5 each.

Two Noted Stallions Die.

Mr. John A. Lyle, of this county, lost by death Friday his noted stallion, Earlmont, the animal being at the advanced age of 27 years. He had a record of 2:09, and was the sire of a number of noted performers on the turf.

W. A. Bacon, proprietor of Maplehurst Stock farm, near this city, suffered the loss of his valuable trotting stallion Norab, which sired many valuable colts and had a trial record of 2:18. In the past few years Mr. Bacon has lost several valuable horses by death, among the number being the noted stallion Jay Bird.

Ready to Wear Garments

Of every description must be turned into cash. Cost cuts no figure at Frank & Co.'s big sale.

Dress Suit Lost.

The party who borrowed my dress suit is requested to return same at once.
22c
JOE MITCHELL.

Sales at Maplehurst!

W. A. Bacon has made the following sales at Maplehurst Stock Farm recently:

To Jesse McCain, of Springfield, Mo., Rene Locanda, three year old by Locanda, dam Irene Wiggins, by Wiggins, second dam Pella, dam of four better than 2:15.

To E. C. Petty, of Searcy, Ark., Spe Locanda, a promising two year old bay filly by Locanda 2:02, dam Irene Wiggins, by Wiggins, second dam Pella.

To Isaac Ayers, Cisne, Ill., Junior Rhythmic, bay yearling colt by Rhythmic, dam Elizabeth Eads 2:19.

Black Cloaks.

7.50 grades \$3.75.
\$10 grades \$4.98.
\$15 grades \$7.75.
\$20 grades \$9.75.
\$25 grades \$12.75.
\$30 grades \$15.
\$35 grades \$17.75.
At Frank & Co.'s big sale for cash.

PERSONAL MENTION.

—Mr. James E. Craven has recovered from a two weeks' illness.

—Mrs. F. P. Webb has returned from a visit to relatives at Nepton.

—Mr. W. O. Chambers continues to improve from an attack of pneumonia.

—Mr. Geo. W. Bowen is quite ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Calla Keller.

—Mrs. Amos McKenzie, of Little Rock, who has been quite ill, is improving.

—Mrs. J. S. Wilson has returned from a visit to Mrs. Bettie Howell in Carlisle.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Butler, Jr., of Carlisle, visited relatives in this city Sunday.

—Miss Fan Johnson has returned from a visit to Miss Mary Dan Harbison in Flemingsburg.

—Mrs. J. D. Bruer and daughter, Miss Louise Bruer, went to Frankfort Saturday for a week's visit.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Batterton have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Duke Smith in Cynthiana.

—Mr. I. D. Thompson, who underwent an operation at St. Joseph Hospital, Lexington, is recovering rapidly.

—Mr. and Mrs. Woodford Daniel returned Sunday from their wedding trip and are at their home on the Maysville pike.

—Misses Mary Mitchell Clay and Frances Clay have returned to Ward Siminay in Nashville where they are attending school.

—Dr. and Mrs. James T. Ware and son, William, have returned to Pittsburg after a visit to Mrs. Alice Ware and other relatives.

—Col. Morris Renick, of Middletown, Ohio, has returned home after a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Renick, in this city.

—Mrs. John Bronson will return this week to her home in Jacksonville, Fla., accompanied by Mrs. Sidney C. Clay, who will be her guest for several weeks.

—The meetings of the Woman's Society at the Christian church to be held at the home of Mrs. Robt. Goggin on January 9 has been postponed until January 11, on account of the funeral of Mr. T. A. Nichols.

—Miss Mary Fithian Hutchcraft, chairman of Food and Sanitation, and Mrs. Walter Payne, chairman of Waterways of the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs attended the Board meeting which was held in Frankfort Thursday.

—Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at the Baptist church at the usual hour. There will be services at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. E. M. Lightfoot, the subject of which will be announced later.

—The following invitations have been received by friends in this city: The Motor Car Manufacturing Co. of Indianapolis requests the honor of the presence of yourself and friends at the exhibition of their beautiful Pathfinder Cars held at the Grand Central Palace New York City.

January the tenth to seventeenth. Mr. Wayne K. Bromley is secretary and treasurer of this big concern. It will be remembered that he married Mrs. Mary Hedges Clay, formerly of Paris.

—Among those who attended the "Pink Lady" performances in Lexington were: Mrs. Cassius M. Clay, Mr. Cassius Clay, Jr., Mr. John C. Clay, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Frank, Miss Helen Frank, Misses Ollie and Lorine Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Harry James, Mr. and Mrs. Clall Turney, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ferguson, Mr. William Kenney Ferguson, Mr. Charlton Clay, Mrs. Susan Pigg, Mrs. W. L. Yerkes, Mrs. Henry May, Mr. Swift Champ Miss Frances Champ, Miss Kate Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Withers Davis, Mrs. J. W. Davis, Miss Anna May Davis, Miss Katherine Davis, Mr. C. A. McMillan, Mr. Bruce Miller, Mr. Lewis Lileston, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Blakemore, Mrs. Elizabeth Dundon, Mr. Chas. Peddicord, Misses Holladay, Mr. Joe Mitchell, Miss Henry Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Alexander, Miss Elizabeth Embury, Miss Mary Woodford, Mr. James Dodge, Mr. Fred Batterton, Mr. William Taylor, Mr. Houston Kion, Miss Ethel Lair, Misses Comack, Mr. Catesby Spears, Miss Spears, Mr. Wallace Clark, Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, Mr. Harry Horton, Dr. C. G. Daugherty, Mrs. John Yerkes, Miss Fannie Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Turney, Jr., Mrs. Duncan Bell, Miss Myra Booth, Miss Ethel Johnson, Mr. Mack Grimes, Mr. Alex. Miller, Mr. Chas. Dickerson, Mr. Edward Myall, Mrs. J. T. Vansant, Miss Hazel Cottingham, Miss Willie T. Summers, Miss Elizabeth Steele and Miss Josie Gardner.

Furs

Will be closed out at less than manufacture wholesale prices at Frank & Co.'s big sale. Come in and see.

Will Leave For Seattle This Week.

Mr. N. Ford Brent, of the firm of Chas. S. Brent & Bro., of this city, will leave Thursday morning in company with Attorney Reuben Hutchcraft, of Paris, for Seattle, Wash., to be present at the trial of the suit of Chas. S. Brent & Bro., against Chas. H. Lilly, of Seattle, in the Federal Court at that place. The suit is the result of the sale of a large quantity of Kentucky blue grass seed to the Seattle firm and the sum of \$3,000 is involved in the litigation. Mr. Hutchcraft, who will accompany Mr. Brent, has been retained as legal counsel for the local firm.

Caracul Coats.

Ladies sizes, gold formerly at \$12.50, at Frank & Co.'s big sale, will be sold at \$6.75 each. Better grades in proportion.

Store at Glen Kenney Robbed.

The store of James Mallory at Glen Kenney, about four miles from Paris was burglarized at a late hour Thursday night, and a large quantity of goods was carried away. The thieves forced an entrance to the building by prying open one of the windows. Deputy Sheriff W. F. Talbott was called to the scene early Friday morning and one of the bloodhounds from Capt. V. K. Mullikin's kennel in Lexington, was sent but failed to locate a trail. Mr. Mallory is unable to estimate the goods taken.

Linen Special.

All linen 36 inches wide 25 cents a yard. Only one thousand yards go in at this price at Frank & Co.'s big sale.

Specials on Grape Fruit.

We are offering our big stock of grape fruit at cost. The best lot ever brought to Paris.

JAS. E. CRAVEN.

Skaters Enjoy Sport.

Sunday afternoon ice on Houston creek afforded the skaters much pleasure and a large number were out enjoying the sport.

Cloaks

All fancy cloaks that sold up to \$30, choice \$10 each. Others as low as \$5 at Frank & Co.'s big sale.

Bowmar's Mardi Gras Tour.

Write to Bowmar's Tours, Versailles, Ky., for folders giving details of an ideal personally conducted Mardi Gras Tour, leaving Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1912, visiting New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, Ala., etc. Low inclusive cost; limited party; every thing first-class. 54t

"A Girl of The Mountains" a Guaranteed Show.

Manager R. S. Porter of the Paris Grand yesterday received the following letter from the manager of "A Girl of The Mountains," which appears at the Grand tonight:

Athens, Ohio, January 6, 1912.

Manager Paris Grand:

My Dear Sir—Regarding engagement of "A Girl of The Mountains" January 9, wish to state that you can guarantee this attraction to give absolute satisfaction and any person not entirely satisfied at the end of second act, I personally, out of my share, will refund the price of admission.

I cannot go stronger than this in backing this attraction. My reason for writing you is the fact that a large number of popular priced attractions are going through the country, carrying poor people, no production and a bad play, making it exceedingly hard up-hill work for any attraction that can safely promise the best of satisfaction.

Thanking you for any assistance towards getting a good big house, I am with best wishes.

O. E. WEE.

Traffic Delayed by Snow.

The heavy snow of Saturday had the effect of delaying traffic on the L. & N. to a considerable degree and the several passenger trains Sunday were double headers in order to run on schedule time.

Water Back in Range Explodes.

The explosion of a water-back in a range at the residence of Mr. W. A. Wallen on Fifteenth street, did considerable damage in the kitchen, and Mrs. Wallen, who had a few seconds before left the room, had a narrow escape from possible serious injury as a result. The explosion it is said was due to a frozen water pipe leading to the range, and from which the water-back was supplied. The range was demolished and pieces of iron were blown through a window and knocked off the plastering on the ceiling. A porcelain soap dish near the sink was flattened by one of the flying missiles, a piece striking the sink, tearing away a portion. The explosion was heard by several neighbors some distance away.

LOST.

Between the Paris Distilling Co.'s plant and Third street an envelope containing \$7.00. Finder is requested to return money to this office as the person who suffered the loss is in needy circumstances and would greatly appreciate this act of kindness, and will be rewarded with a portion of the money.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale a few choice Rhode Island Red roosters. Price \$2.50 each. Also, Mallard ducks at \$1 each.
CHARLTON CLAY.
E. T. phone 57

THE FAIR!

Special Sale of Enamel Steel Dish Pans

14 qt. size, first quality goods, 35c.

12 qt. Enamel Steel Cooking Kettles, 35c.

75c Tea Kettles in Blue and White, only 49c.

Breakfast Plates, a set of six 20c.

Dinner size, 30c for six.

See our new patterns in Laces. Some beautiful patterns in all linen, your choice at 5c per yard.

...THE FAIR...

Roomers Wanted.

Furnished room for two gentlemen bath and steam heat. Apply at this office.
3t

FOR RENT.

New cottage of five rooms on East Main street.
MRS. ELIZABETH C. ROGERS.



FLEXIBLE FLYER SLEDS

Are Built To Last. Sleds Sold by us Ten Years Ago are still giving good service.

Get the genuine.

\$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.75

FIREFLY COASTERS

Made in the same Factory of lighter materials.

\$2.00 and \$2.50

Daugherty Bros.



GREETING

The year just closing has been exceptionally satisfactory for us, and we thank those who have helped us.

We realize that our success comes from the staunch support we have received from those who have favored us with their patronage, and we therefore take this opportunity to extend our most cheerful greetings for the season.

During the coming year, more than ever before, we shall endeavor to satisfy those with whom it shall be our good fortune to do business.

Our heartiest good wishes for a Happy New Year

W. Ed Tucker

Fee's Cash Specials,

STONE'S
Silver Slice
Mephisto
Cakes
10c each

FEE'S

J. T. HINTON

THE HOME OUTFITTER.

I Am Offering Some Very
SPECIAL PRICES

On My Entire

DAVENPORT
LINE

For Cash Buyers.

I Carry the Very Best Makes

J. T. HINTON

Stubborn Case

"I was under the treatment of two doctors," writes Mrs. R. L. Phillips, of Indian Valley, Va., "and they pronounced my case a very stubborn one, of womanly weakness. I was not able to sit up, when I commenced to take Cardui.

I used it about one week, before I saw much change. Now, the severe pain, that had been in my side for years, has gone, and I don't suffer at all. I am feeling better than in a long time, and cannot speak too highly of Cardui."

TAKE The CARDUI Woman's Tonic

if you are one of those ailing women who suffer from any of the troubles so common to women.

Cardui is a builder of womanly strength. Composed of purely vegetable ingredients, it acts quickly on the womanly system, building up womanly strength, toning up the womanly nerves, and regulating the womanly system. Cardui has been in successful use for more than 50 years. Thousands of ladies have written to tell of the benefit they received from it. Try it for your troubles. Begin today.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. J 52

Cement For Sale.

We have a few barrels of first class cement left that we will sell below the market price.

PARIS LUMBER & M'FG. CO.

BLOOD POISON

Cured by the Marvel of the Century, B. B. B.—Tested for 30 years.

Drives out blood poison in any stage permanently, without deadly mercury, with pure Botanical ingredients. To prove it we will send you a SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE. If you have ulcers, eating sores, itching humors, swellings, mucus patches, home pains, offensive pimples or eruptions, take B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm.) All symptoms heal quickly. Blood is made pure and rich completely changing the entire body into a clean, healthy condition, healing every sore and stopping all aches, pains and itching, curing the worst case of blood poison. Druggists or by express, \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Samples sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble and free medical advice given. Sold by Varden & Son.

Announcement.

I have located in Paris for the purpose of conducting a general

Contracting and Building Business.

I have been a builder for the past twenty years, and can handle your buildings, large or small. I will be glad to furnish you estimates on short notice. The best of references furnished. Call on me at Fordham Hotel, or call up Home Home 37, East Tenn. phone 128-2.

W. C. HESTER

NOTICE

TO BUTCHERS AND FARMERS!

Market Price I am Paying For Hides:

Beef Hides, 10 1-4 to 11 1-2 Cents per lb.

MAX MUNICK,

8th Street, PARIS, KY.
Call East Tenn. Phone 374

Bloodline Ointment Cures Eczema Itching and Bleeding Piles, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Rash, Dandruff and Falling Hair.
Mrs. H. W. Allen, Gaffney, S. C. says: "I have used Bloodline Ointment for Eczema and find it a most effective remedy."

W. T. Brooks, Agent.

NEW BARBER SHOP!

Modern Equipment.

4 Barbers,
Hot and Cold Baths,
Polite Service.

Everything Sanitary.
Children's Work a Specialty.

CARL CRAWFORD

To My Friends and Home People:

I have started a Magazine and Newspaper Agency. Lowest prices on all Magazines in circulation. I ask for your orders and help in getting them from your friends.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Rosa V. Wallingford.

RICH EFFECT IN BAGS

SUEDE LEATHER THE FOUNDATION FOR FINE COLORINGS.

Oriental Designs the Most Popular—All Sorts of Decorative Applications Permissible on These Most Useful Accessories.

One of the richest effects is a bag in tan suede leather with an oriental scroll design into which is set a picture of a butterfly alight on a rose blossom. The coloring is a remarkable combination of old blues, greens, rose and violet shades, with a touch of white in outlining, and these show through the scroll work, revealing the "picture" just as one gazes at a landscape through feathery tree branches in early spring time, or through lush grasses when walking in the meadow after a shower. This bag is lined with a changeable silk in bluish green, and the silken cords to match the suede in colorings have the same quaint loops used on all these bags, from which to suspend ornaments. In this case it is a mascot of green jade capped with brass and glistens of blue and green inlay—a true oriental pendant.

Another such bag was seen in knot design inset in a scroll, lined with changeable silk, and with tiny Chinese lantern "Jangles." In fact, each bag is not only a picture in itself, but one without a duplicate. All are finished with the miniature ivory elephants, carved fans, balls, lanterns or coins. The latter are especially desirable, as the Chinese say, with the hole in the middle and surface covered with oriental hieroglyphs, admits of all sorts of decorative applications.

The beauty of this work depends entirely upon the individuality of the designer, and upon the pains taken in stenciling, inserting the embroideries, attaching the pendants and ornaments—even in sewing in the linings. The accessories show from the studio of this particular designer are so thoroughly workmanlike, so perfect in even the minutest details, that it is a joy to examine them. She argues from the William Morris standpoint that "what is worth doing is not only worth doing well, but joyfully," hence the artist must throw herself into her work in whole-souled fashion. Any woman who has ingenuity can execute for herself not only picture bags and accessories, but many beautiful centerpieces, desk pad corners, screens, etc., utilizing odd bits of embroideries picked up in foreign travels or on shopping jaunts at home and abroad, which will serve as pleasant reminders of some delightful day agone.

MADE OF PRINTED CRETONNE

Roller Covers for the Centerpiece Come in Individual Wrappers—Tape Bound All Around.

Combination individual rolls and covers for centerpieces are much better than having one stick for a number of such articles, as when six or eight table mats are rolled together they are certain to get more or less muddled, since the entire collection must be handled whenever one of them is released.

Each thick pine rods now come in various lengths especially for the foundation for centerpiece rolls, and while any of these may be padded with cotton batting and then covering with white crash, Irish linen or heavy lawn, it is much better to provide a cover which is permanently attached to the roll and is wrapped about it in company with the centerpiece.

These roller covers often are made of white crash, pointed and tape bound at the lapping or outer end and fastening by means of a tape loop and a crocheted button, but far more practical are the individual roll covers that are made of printed cretonne, tape bound all around and fastened with two sets of tape strings.

BATTENBERG MOTIF

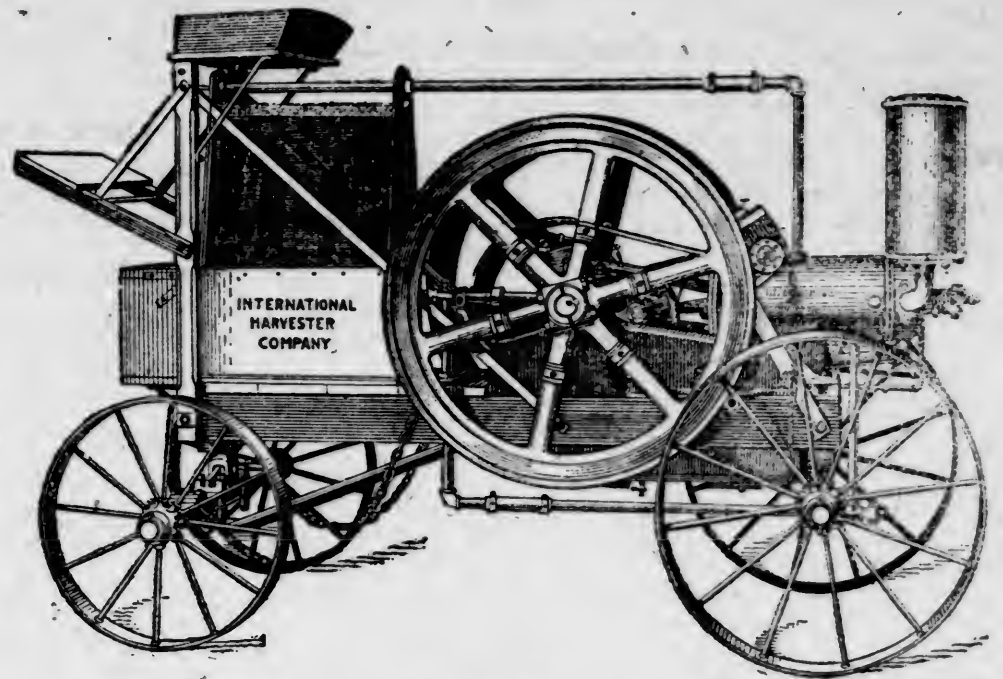


No style has yet displaced in popularity this pretty though apparently flimsy article of attire.

Dress Goods Novelty.

Silk and wool poplins, with a border of graduated satin stripes, surmounted by a row of sizable satin disks, are among novelties in dress goods.

International Gasoline ENGINES



All Types of Fusilage and Feed Cutting Machinery.

Bourbon Garage & Supply Co.

Cor. 4th and High Sts., Paris, Ky.

Professional Cards

J. J. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Room 1 Elks Building.

Dr. Wm. Kenney,

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

Office 514 Main Street.

Office Phones: E. T. 136.

Residence: E. T. 334.

DR. A. H. KELLER,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
Offices, Rooms 4 and 5, Elk's Bld'g
Paris, Kentucky

Hot and Cold

BATHS!

Hot and cold baths. Everything neat and clean. Polite barbers always ready to wait on the trade. No long waits. You are next.

M. A. KAHAL.

YOUR DRUGGIST STOPS THAT ITCH

If you are suffering from Eczema, Psoriasis or any other kind of skin trouble, drop into our store for instant relief. We will guarantee you to stop that itch in two seconds.

A 25¢ trial bottle will prove it. We have sold other remedies for skin troubles, but none that we could recommend more highly than the well known compound of "Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol and a few other ingredients" that have wrought such wonderful cures all over the country. This compound, known as D. D. D. Prescription, will cool and heal the itchy, burning skin as nothing else can. Get a 25¢ trial bottle and see—on our money order.

G. S. Varden & Son.

Margolen's.

The Best of

Home-Killed

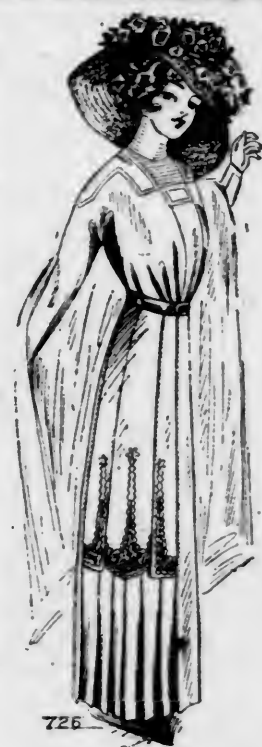
Meats,

Bacon, Lard, Ham,

Beef, Pork, Etc.

Margolen,

Paris, Ky.



Gigantic Holiday Sale

At

Twin Bros. Department Store, beginning

Saturday,

December 16,

Display of Toys,

Drygoods, Cloaks, Ladies' Suits

Skirts, Furs, Shoes, Millinery.

TWIN BROS.

Two Big Stores in One Cor. 7th and Main
Paris, Kentucky

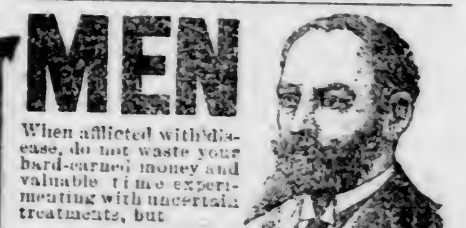


One of the Many Popular Shapes That We Are Showing

A moderately priced one, too. If you are looking for "The" Hat you'll find it in our present handsome display of smart millinery.

We have made extra efforts this season to reach the idea of every woman and feel confident of your securing a satisfactory purchase here.

Mrs. Corne Watson Baird.



COME TO US.

Our long experience has taught us what to do from the start—We know how. Let us save you money, time and suffering. Don't let a bad cold turn into a serious illness. If you are out of work you can arrange to pay our small professional fee later on. No loss of time—while waiting our treatment you can keep right on with your work.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORES, ETC., we will cure you. No matter how long you have suffered, we will cure you. No matter how severe the pain, we will cure you. No matter how many doctors you have consulted, we will cure you. No matter how long you have suffered, we will cure you. No matter how severe the pain, we will cure you. No matter how many doctors you have consulted, we will cure you.

WRITE For Free Question List and Book on Men's Diseases.
Cincinnati Men-Specialist Co.,
621 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

Decided Change.

Mrs. Brown—Do you think marriage changes a man?

Mrs. Jones—Vastly. Look at my husband. He used to offer me a penny for my thoughts; now he often offers me \$50 to shut up.

WINTER TOURIST TICKETS

FLORIDA

AND ALL SOUTHERN RESORTS

ON SALE DAILY

—VIA—

ALL EQUIPMENT ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

DINING CARS SERVING ALL MEALS A LA CARTE

GOOD RETURNING UNTIL MAY 31, 1912.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, CALL ON ANY TICKET AGENT, QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE,

—OR WRITE—

H. C. KING, Passenger and Ticket Agent, 101 E. Main St., LEXINGTON, KY.

L. WOLLSTEIN

Clothing and Shoe Department.

MILD, GENTLE LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN GIVEN FREE

So many of the ills of women are due to habitual constipation, probably because of their false modesty on the subject, that their attention cannot be too strongly called to the importance of keeping the bowels open. It is always important to do that, regardless of the sex, but it is especially important in women.

From the time the girl begins to menstruate until menopause ceases she has always vastly better prospects of coming through healthy if she watches her bowel movements. If you find yourself constipated, with bad breath, pimply complexion, headaches, belching gas and other symptoms of indigestion and constipation, take a small dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup

Pepsin. It is woman's favorite laxative. You will find that you can do away with salts, strong cathartics, etc., which are entirely unsuited to woman's requirements.

Mrs. Katherine Haberstroh of McKees Rocks, Pa., and Mrs. A. E. Herrick of Wheeler, Mich., who was almost paralyzed in her stomach and bowels, are now cured by the use of this remedy. A free sample bottle can be obtained by addressing Dr. Caldwell, and after you are convinced of its merits buy it of your druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle.

For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 402 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

Germs Spread in Skin

Eczema, Psoriasis and other skin troubles are caused by myriads of germs at work in the skin. Unless these germs are promptly destroyed they rapidly multiply, gnawing their way deep into the sensitive tissue. This is what causes that awful itch, and what seemed a mere rash may grow worse and develop into a loathsome and torturing skin disease with its years of misery.

Don't take any chances! Destroy the germs at the beginning of the trouble with that soothing and cleansing wash, the D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema. A 25c bottle will prove this to you.

We have had experience with many remedies for skin trouble but have never seen such remarkable cures as those from D. D. D. Prescription. Instant relief from the very first application.

We are so confident that D. D. D. will reach your case that it will cost you nothing if the very first full size bottle fails to make good every claim. If you have skin trouble of any kind, we certainly advise you to drop in and investigate the merits of D. D. D. anyway. We know that D. D. D. will help you.

G. S. Varden & Son.



ITCH! ITCH! ITCH!

Scratch and rub—rub and scratch—until you feel as if you could almost tear the burning skin from your body—until it seems as if you could no longer endure these endless days of awful torture—those terrible nights of sleepless agony.

Then—a few drops of D. D. D., the famous Eczema Specific and, Oh! what relief! The itch gone instantly! Comfort and rest at last!

D. D. D. is a simple external wash that cleanses and heals the inflamed skin as nothing else can. A recognized specific for Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum or any other skin trouble.

We can give you a full size bottle of the genuine D. D. D. remedy for \$1.00 and if the very first bottle fails to give relief it will not cost you a cent.

We also can give you a sample bottle for 25 cents. Why suffer another day when you can get D. D. D.?

G. S. Varden & Son.

THE PARIS
Quick Lunch and
Restaurant,
The Home of Good Cooking,
For Ladies and Gentlemen
Open Day and Night.
343 Main Street
E. T. Phone 724 PARIS, KY.

Annie Langhorn

Manicuring 35 Cents,
Shampooing 25 Cents.

Work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

ang16tf East Tenn. Phoe 669



The Ideal Reading Lamp

Opticians agree that the light from a good oil lamp is easier on the eyes than any other artificial light.

The Rayo Lamp is the best oil lamp made.

It gives a strong, yet soft, white light; and it never flickers. It preserves the eyesight of the young; it helps and quickens that of the old. You can pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for other lamps, but you cannot get better light than the low-priced Rayo gives.

Made of solid brass, nickel-plated. Easily lighted, without removing shade or chimney. Easy to clean and rewick.

Dealers everywhere; or write for descriptive circular direct to any agency of the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

AN UNUSUAL MAN

He paced nervously up and down before the display window of a large millinery establishment for some time before he finally entered. Then he walked straight up to the saleswoman with the air of a man who had made up his mind.

"I want a hat," he said.

The saleswoman looked at him doubtfully.

"We—er—keep only women's hats here," she said, finally.

"Well, that's the kind I want," he replied.

The saleswoman gazed at him helplessly. Two or three customers turned around and looked at him, too. The girls on the trimming counter giggled loudly.

The man was evidently painfully aware of these attentions, but he "pulled himself together" and said carelessly:

"Let's look at some of the latest models."

"Step this way, please," said the saleswoman, leading him out of range of the two curious onlookers. "What size hat would you like to see?"

"O, about 6 7-8, I guess," he said.

"No, no, you want a big hat with considerable trimming or a small, plain one—you see, it depends a good deal on the woman who is going to wear it. Now, if you could bring her in—"

"Say," he interrupted, "this is a surprise party I'm pulling off today and I'm going to engineer the deal myself. I don't see anything difficult about buying a hat. You just put me wise to the 1910 rules and I'll place my money. Anybody that would fool away more than three minutes buying a hat hasn't got head enough to wear one himself. Now, this one looks like a winner, with the plumes on. Is the shape wise?"

"That is one of the sweetest things in the store," said the saleswoman, lifting the hat tenderly. "It is in the extreme of fashion. It is, of course, a big hat. Is your—er—the lady—er—is she tall or—er—short?"

"Well, I guess she's up to the weight, all right," returned the purchaser, holding the hat out at arm's length and balancing it critically. "I believe she can carry it. Are all these colors according to the revised rules?"

"Perfectly. Colors, of course, are always a matter of taste and harmony. Is your—er—the lady a blonde or a brunette?"

The prospective purchaser appeared a little embarrassed for a moment, and then said frankly:

"Say, it's this way. I haven't just made up my mind which one—that is, I'm not sure just who I'll send it to yet. You see, I thought I'd buy a hat for one and a fur muff, maybe, or something like that, for the other. That is, you see, there are two I want to buy presents for, and—O, well, which would this hat go the best with, Amber Top or Raven Wing?"

"Why, I think, perhaps, a blonde could wear it to the best advantage," answered the saleswoman, looking knowing.

"All right, it's the hat for little Sunflower. How about the size of the hole in it—don't look to me like she could get her head and all her hair in that opening."

"O, her hair don't all go in there, you know," said the saleswoman reassuringly.

"Well, where does it go, then?" he demanded, looking suspiciously at the small opening in the center of the immense brim.

"Why, it puffs up under the brim, you know. The more hair the better for a hat like this."

"Cradle it up, I'll take it. I'll have an express wagon come round and get it. What's the fine?"

The price was \$18.50. He paid it and glanced at his watch.

"Five minutes before lunch time—just time enough to go across the street and buy that muff. Good day," and he hurried away.

Killed by a Swan.

The swans which gracefully glide over the many picturesque river stretches and artificial lakes in England are commonly regarded as harmless birds, much beloved by young and old, and fed and fondled as things embodying the poetic spirit of snow-white grace and beauty. A different story was told at Nottingham recently, where at an inquest it was stated that Cecil Barratt, five years old, was pulled into the river by a swan, who attacked him so savagely that he was drowned.

The boy was the son of the caretaker of the Nottingham Rowing club, and was playing on the landing stage when the swan attacked him. The lad's father ran to the scene of the accident, dived several times, but failed to find the boy, and was also attacked by the bird before he got ashore.

Napoleon's Elba Flag.

Lord Archibald Campbell has presented to the army museum in Paris a curious relic of Napoleon. This is the flag which the latter flew in the isle of Elba during his captivity there. The flag is square, white and fringed with gold, bearing three gold bees and a diagonal scarlet stripe. The staff carries a white and scarlet scarf, having also three gold bees. Napoleon does not seem to have used the flag he invented elsewhere than in the isle of Elba, where he was a dethroned and captive monarch. In France, although bees were always his emblem, and were embroidered on his state robes, his standard was the tricolor.

Public Sale!

—OF—

A Desirable 75-Acre Farm
Tues., Jan. 16,
1912.

We, the heirs of W. O. Shropshire, deceased, offer at public sale a part of his farm, containing 75 acres of No. 1 land, located on both the Hill and Hawkins turnpikes, 3 1-2 miles north of Centerville, in Bourbon county, Ky. It has a comfortable dwelling, outbuildings, two barns holding 10 acres of tobacco. Cistern at the door, some fruit, school house very close and churches convenient. Practically all in grass. It is in a good neighborhood and is a desirable place to live. Parties desiring to see this farm can call on Geo. E. Speakes, the auctioneer, at Paris, or W. H. Shropshire, who lives near, or address him Paris, R. F. D. No. 7. Home Phone No. 3031-4 rings. Sale at 11 o'clock on the farm.

TERMS—One third cash, balance in 1 & 2 years with interest from possession March 1, 1912.

ISAAC C. SHROPSHIRE,
W. CLAY SHROPSHIRE,
W. H. SHROPSHIRE.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Desirable Residence

I will sell at public auction on the premises at 2 o'clock p. m., on

Thursday, January 18, 1912,

my desirable residence property, No. 360 Stoner avenue.

Lot fronts 115 feet on Stoner avenue and extends back 150 feet. The residence has six rooms and kitchen, and three halls and three porches; presses in every room; large store room and pantry; is piped for gas and wired for electric lights; splendid cistern, coal cellar, large dairy, carpenter shop, two poultry houses, wood-shed, boat landing, and splendid grape arbor.

Prospective purchasers invited to inspect the property.

TERMS—Made known on day of sale.

MRS. L. V. FOOTE,
Home Phone 518.

M. F. Kenney, Auctioneer.

I will sell at the same time seven boats, all in good condition.

MRS. L. V. FOOTE.

Our Final Adjustment Sale

Continues to Draw Big Crowds.

Interest Never Lags. for New and Phenomenal

Bargain Surprises Turn Up Every Day.

The keen interest and fast trading that are making our Final Adjustment Sale famous, show no signs of abating. Nor do we intend that they shall. Every day we bring forward new surprises which make frequent visits to tire store most profitable even if you have attended this sale on previous days. New goods are daily placed on bargain racks and counters at phenomenally low prices. Nothing is reserved.

You have no idea of the wonderful purchasing power one dollar has in this sale until you personally visit the store. In every department prices have been ruthlessly cut from 1-3 to 1-2 less than regular prices. Can you afford to miss an opportunity like that? We think not!

Does It Pay to Attend This Sale?

Well, After You Come and Glance Over The

Many Bargains, You Won't Want to

Miss It For Any Thing.

Sale Ends January 15th

Kaufman, Straus & Co.,
LEXINGTON, KY.

CUT PRICES

ON

Ladies' Underwear,
Hosiery,
Handkerchiefs,
Shirt Waists, Etc.

We Are Offering Special Prices
on All Ready-to-Wear
Garments.

A. M. DOMB CO.,

Incorporated

Paris, Kentucky

Corner 5th and Main

[Both] Phones 129

THEATRICAL.

"A GIRL OF THE MOUNTAINS."
O. E. Wee's new version of Lem B. Parker's society drama "A Girl of the Mountains," will be seen at the Paris Grand tonight. The story tells how Nellie Bonn was kidnapped, while but a baby, for revenge. She meets Richard Thurston and is led astray by him. He leaves her in her mountain home



and returns to the city. Three years later Nellie meets and loves Victor Lambert. He proposes, but Nellie hesitates owing to the one secret of her life. Her friend, Roy Vernon, knowing all, advises her to be happy. She accepts Victor, but Richard Thurston learning of this tells Victor Lambert the truth. Victor breaks off his engagement with Nellie. This is intensely dramatic and interesting and finally ends in a peculiar and pleasing manner. It will be presented with a competent cast and complete scenic production. Prices 35 and 50 cents.

Old Commonwealth a Spend-thrift.

Kentucky is becoming a spendthrift. The state spent \$502,059.58 more during 1911 than it did during the preceding year. This was collected from all sources for Kentucky during last year \$7,255,657.49, while there was collected in 1910 but \$6,657.63. The year of 1911 ended with the state owing more than \$800,000, so that the gay old daughter of the republic is no piker in her old age.

MILLERSBURG ITEMS.

Miss Anna Conway is among the sick.

Mrs. Emma Long left Friday for a visit to relatives at Georgetown.

Misses Edna and Flora Mason entertained a number of friends Monday evening at their home from 8 to 12.

Miss Florence Vimont left Friday for a visit to relatives at Cincinnati and Falmouth.

Little Miss Pauline Bentley entertained about twenty of her little girl friends Saturday afternoon from 2 to 4 it being her ninth birthday.

Mr. James Clifford, of Clintonville, will succeed Mr. Chas. Lavin as section foreman for the L. & N. at this point, Mr. Lavin being transferred to Maysville.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Marshall moved Thursday to the property of Mr. G. W. Judy on Trigg Avenue, recently vacated by Elder F. W. Troy and family, from that of Dr. W. M. Miller on Seventh street.

The second drawing for the watch at the store of Aaron McConnell, jeweler and optician, took place Saturday afternoon. The holder of the lucky coupon on this occasion being Miss Anna Smith, the number being 107.

The electric light plant is about ready for operation and it is expected the service will be turned on within the next two or three days. The lights were turned on for a short time Sunday night and the effect was very brilliant.

Quite a number of farmers in this section were busily engaged gathering ice yesterday. The ice is from 3 1/2 to 4 inches in thickness, very clear and the ice houses will be filled to their capacity to meet the demand during the warm days of the coming summer.

Capt. Chas. Lavin and wife moved Monday from the property of Mr. C. T. Darnell on Tenth street to Maysville. For a number of years Mr. Lavin has been section boss on the Millersburg division of the L. & N. At the beginning of the month the company transferred him to the Maysville division.

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many winter is a season of trouble. The frost-bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of burns, boils, piles, cuts, sores, bruises, eczema and sprains. 25c at Oberdorfer's.

Arguments Again Postponed.

Saturday in the Fayette Circuit Court arguments on the motion for a new trial in the case of Catesby Woodford and John Ireland vs. the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company were deferred until next Saturday.

At roll call of attorneys Col. R. A. Thornton, attorney for the Railway Company, said he desired to file an affidavit and additional grounds for new trial in the case.

Robert C. Talbott, of this city, of counsel for Woodford and Ireland, said the plaintiffs desired to file counter affidavits. By consent of the attorneys for the opposing sides the arguments on the motion were deferred a week.

Attached to the motion and grounds for a new trial in the case is the affidavit of C. R. Staples, claim agent for the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railway Company, stating that on the occasion of Judge Kerr's granting the jury a recess during the trial proceedings he heard John E. Madden, who had just testified, say in the presence of a number of the jurors that he was "stuck on" Star Shoot—Blue Danube colts because he sold one for \$30,000.

Circuit Judge Kerr overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of Miss Lula D. Crosthwaite vs. Matt Crosthwaite and others.

Almost a Failure.

A turkey pool, formed by a number of women of Bath county this season, came near being a failure. Last year they went into a combine at Thanksgiving and refused to take the market price for their turkeys, which was 12 cents, and they later received 16 cents for them. This year they thought they could do the same way, and they would not take the Thanksgiving price of 12 cents, but told their turkeys for more money; but instead of getting it they came near not having a buyer at all, and they have just sold 250 turkeys in the pool to Alex Doyle, of Fleming county, at 11 cents, 1 cent less than the Thanksgiving price.

War on Revenue Agents.

War upon Auditors' agents, especially state revenue agents, will be made in the general assembly by the delegations from Louisville, Covington and Newport.

A resolution was introduced in the House yesterday to investigate the work of the revenue agents during the last administration. Auditor Bosworth opposes even the reduction of this force of tax gathering sleuths, who have collected \$400,000 for the state in four years. The odds are against the abolishment of the officers.

DEATH.

—Mr. T. A. Nichols died at three o'clock yesterday morning at the home of his father-in-law, Mr. J. Will Thomas, on Eighth street, after an illness of several months of tuberculosis of the bowels. Mr. Nichols had been an invalid for some time and was a great sufferer, but at the same time bore his affliction uncomplainingly.

Thursday he began sinking rapidly and his death since had been momentarily expected. Some time ago he went to Saranac Lake, for the benefit of his health, but the trip failed to improve his condition, and he returned home.

Mr. Nichols was aged about 35 years and was a son of the late Thomas Nichols of Lexington. Five years ago he was married to Miss Calla Thomas of this city, who has been constantly at his bedside during his late illness.

Mr. Nichols was a mechanical engineer by profession and was a graduate of State University of the class of 1900, and was one of the most capable and popular young men that ever left that institution. Until recently he held a responsible position with one of the largest concerns in the country and had his headquarters at Atlanta, Ga.

Besides his wife he is survived by his mother, Mrs. James Nichols, a sister Mrs. W. G. Simpson, and one brother, Mr. Roger Nichols, of Lexington.

The funeral services will be held this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the residence of J. Will Thomas on Eighth street, conducted by Elder I. J. Spencer assisted by Elder J. T. Sharrard. Burial in Paris cemetery.

The pall-bearers will be: Chas. B. May, W. L. Yerkes, Dr. J. T. Vansant, Joe Varden, G. L. Davis, Withers Davis, Harry Staples, F. C. Walker, Robt. M. Hopkins, Dr. E. G. Daugherty.

—Mr. William Kenny, of near Hutchison, is in receipt of the information of the death of his cousin, Mr. Chapman J. Smith, which occurred at Tampico, Mexico, on December 7, after an illness of more than four months. Mr. Smith left Kentucky about thirty years ago, locating in Texas, but recently has resided in Tampico, Mexico, o'clock.

Mr. Gus Pugh, aged seventy-four years, died at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. A. T. Crawford, 1031 Baxter avenue, in Louisville, Sunday night after an illness of several weeks of general debility and infirmities incident to old age.

Mr. Pugh was for a number of years a resident of Shawhan, this county, and it was there that he was born and reared, spending most of his life in that community. During the war he enlisted in the company formed by Capt. Harry Bedford, and served under General John H. Morgan.

Following the close of the war Mr. Pugh was engaged in the distillery business being connected with his father, the late George Pugh, in the operation of the old Ewalt distillery near Shawhan. After the death of his father, he engaged in the breeding of trotters and high class road horses, and in the pursuit of agriculture, meeting with marked success until he met with reverses several years later, and suffered the loss of the major part of his accumulations.

Mr. Pugh was united in marriage in early manhood to Miss Margaret Smith, who preceded him to the grave several years ago. At the death of his wife Mr. Pugh came to Paris and has since made his home with his daughter, Mrs. A. T. Crawford, residing with her in Lexington after leaving Paris and later going to Louisville, where he has made his home for the past two years.

He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Crawford, with whom he resided, Mrs. Gus McCarthy and Mrs. Setilla Duvall, of Louisville, all of whom were at his bedside when the end came. He is also survived by one brother, Mr. Rye Pugh, of Kansas, who made a visit to his brother and other relatives in this section about five years ago.

Th remains will be brought to this city from Louisville this morning arriving here on the 12 o'clock L. & N. train from Lexington.

The funeral services will take place today, January 9, from the 12 o'clock m. train from Louisville. Services at the grave in the Paris cemetery by Elder J. T. Sharrard.

Active pall-bearers: Denis Dunder, Monin Moore, Frank Fithian, J. Q. Ward, C. N. Peddicord, W. G. McClintock. Honorary pall-bearers: S. B. Ewalt, James Tate, John C. Current, Wallace Batterson, Geo. Wyatt, Charlie Lail, Ed. Rawles, J. H. Ewalt.

Rendered Unconscious by Fall.

Lawrence, the twelve year old son of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Soper, of Little Rock, fell on the ice while skating with some companions Friday afternoon and was rendered unconscious for about two hours. Two physicians worked with him until he regained consciousness and he is now out of danger.

Wheat Crop May Be Injured.

The zero weather which has prevailed throughout this section for the past few days has been very deleterious to the young wheat in Bourbon county. The freezing of the ground which is saturated with water from the recent heavy rains, had a tendency to spew the growing wheat out of the ground, as it is so tender and has very few roots. The snow which fell the latter part of last week and last night furnishes a good blanket and fine protection for the growing crop. The cold weather has been very hard on unprotected stock causing much suffering.

Kill More Than Wild Beasts.

The number of people killed yearly by wild beasts don't approach the vast number killed by disease germs. No life is safe from their attacks. They're in air, water, dust, even food. But grand protection is afforded by Electric Bitters, which destroy and expel these deadly disease germs from the system. That's why chills, fever and ague, all malarial and many blood diseases yield promptly to this wonderful blood purifier. Try them and enjoy the glorious health and new strength they'll give you. Money back if not satisfied. 25c at Oberdorfer's.

Millers Would Push Kentucky Wheat.

A special meeting of the Central Kentucky Millers' Association was held at the Phoenix Hotel in Lexington Friday. The meeting was a long one and did not come to a close until late in the afternoon.

The annual meeting of the Association is held in June, when the officers are elected and other matters of particular importance are decided. It also usually holds a meeting in December or January and, this year, as the meeting could not be held in December, it was thought well to have it during Farmers' Week, especially as the principal proposition to be brought up was an endeavor to have the Experiment Station devote more attention to getting the wheat growing idea pushed more vigorously before the farmers by the experts at the college in their demonstration trains.

Another matter of interest was the condition of the insurance business in regard to the milling trade. A committee composed of President F. C. Giltner of Eminence, and Secretary B. M. Renick, of Paris, was appointed to lay the matter before the Experiment Station officers.

The information which the millers are particularly interested in being gathered by the State is that pertaining to the acreage, condition, yield, quality, etc., of the wheat crop in Kentucky.

Large Number of Marriage Licensees.

During the year of 1911 Pearce Paton, Clerk of the Bourbon County Court issued a total of 120 marriage certificates to white persons.

North Middletown Route Abandoned.

With a view of extending its lines into the coal fields of Eastern Kentucky the Louisville & Nashville railroad recently surveyed a route from this city to North Middletown and through Clark county to Thompson Station, tapping the line of the L. & E. at Indian Fields, but according to a rumor that is in circulation here the route to North Middletown has been abandoned and it is stated that the present line from Paris to Winchester will be double tracked to meet the heavy demand of the traffic from the rich coal fields in Eastern Kentucky, and the extension from the coal fields will be made from Winchester instead of Paris.

It is said some important changes will be made in the line from Paris to Winchester for the purpose of improving the line and a new grade will be established at several points. The new track will be built on the west side of the present track from Paris to Bedford when at this point it will diverge to the right, passing through the lands of Dr. Frank Fithian, Joseph Clay and others, and will strike the old line at Escondida. A short distance from Escondida it again diverges from the old line, passing through the farm of Mrs. R. C. Talbott and others and returning to the old track at Renick. The greatest divergence from the old roadbed between Austerlitz and Renick is about eight hundred feet.

The changes in this line is for the purpose of eliminating several of the heavy grades which materially hinder the hauling of heavy freight trains. Mr. S. Brooks Clay, of this county will undertake the task of securing the necessary right of way between the two cities for the double track.

At the Lexington Opera House.

"MOTHER."

"Mother," the play that received from one of the most conservative dramatic critics of today the appellation of "The Play of the Century," will be the attraction at the Lexington Opera House Saturday, matinee and night.

Jules Eckert Goodman, who wrote "The Test," "The Man Who Stood Still," and several other recent successes, is the author of this latest of uplift dramas, and from all indications it would appear that his "Mother" will live to see another such career as "Way Down East" and "The Old Homestead." One able dramatic writer once said that the play most likely destined to long life is the one that can make an audience cry at one moment and force away the tears by hearty laughter. If this be a good criterion, "Mother" will still be entertaining playgoers when the present generation is no more, for it is indeed a difficult task to tell when the audiences who see this piece are laughing or crying. Some theatre goers like only the sentimental plays, while others will not go to see anything that fails to create merriment. It is, altogether plausible then to believe that "Mother" will meet the exactions of every man, woman and child who frequents a playhouse. It is just one of these simple plays which enjoy success by reason of this same simplicity and homely environment.

Mr. Wm. A. Brady, the producer, who also controls the destinies of "Baby Mine," "Over Night," "The Boss," and other pronounced successes of the present season, will send the original New York cast and production for the engagement there.

Insure with W. O. Hinton Prompt paying non-union companies.

Paris Grand.

Tuesday, January 9.

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A PLAY WITH A MORAL.

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Including some of this Season's selling lines, at great reductions. Get here early and get some of these choice bargains.

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DAN COHEN

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Paris, Kentucky.

At The Big Electric Sign.



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